PRINCIPLES OF ORAL ENGLISH

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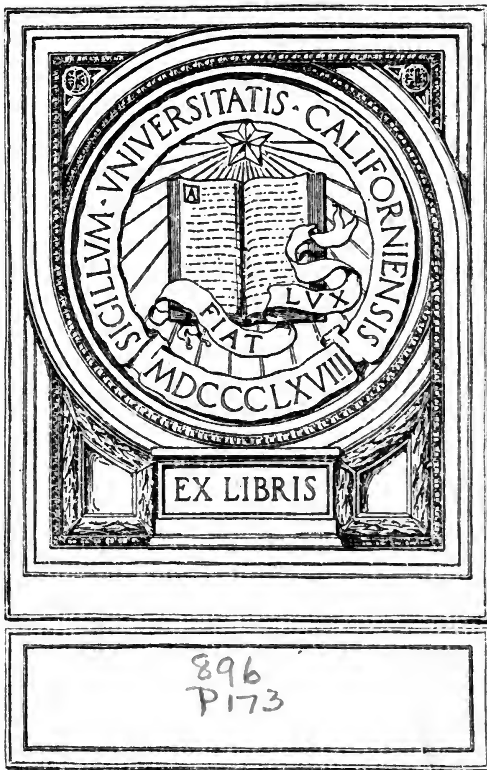

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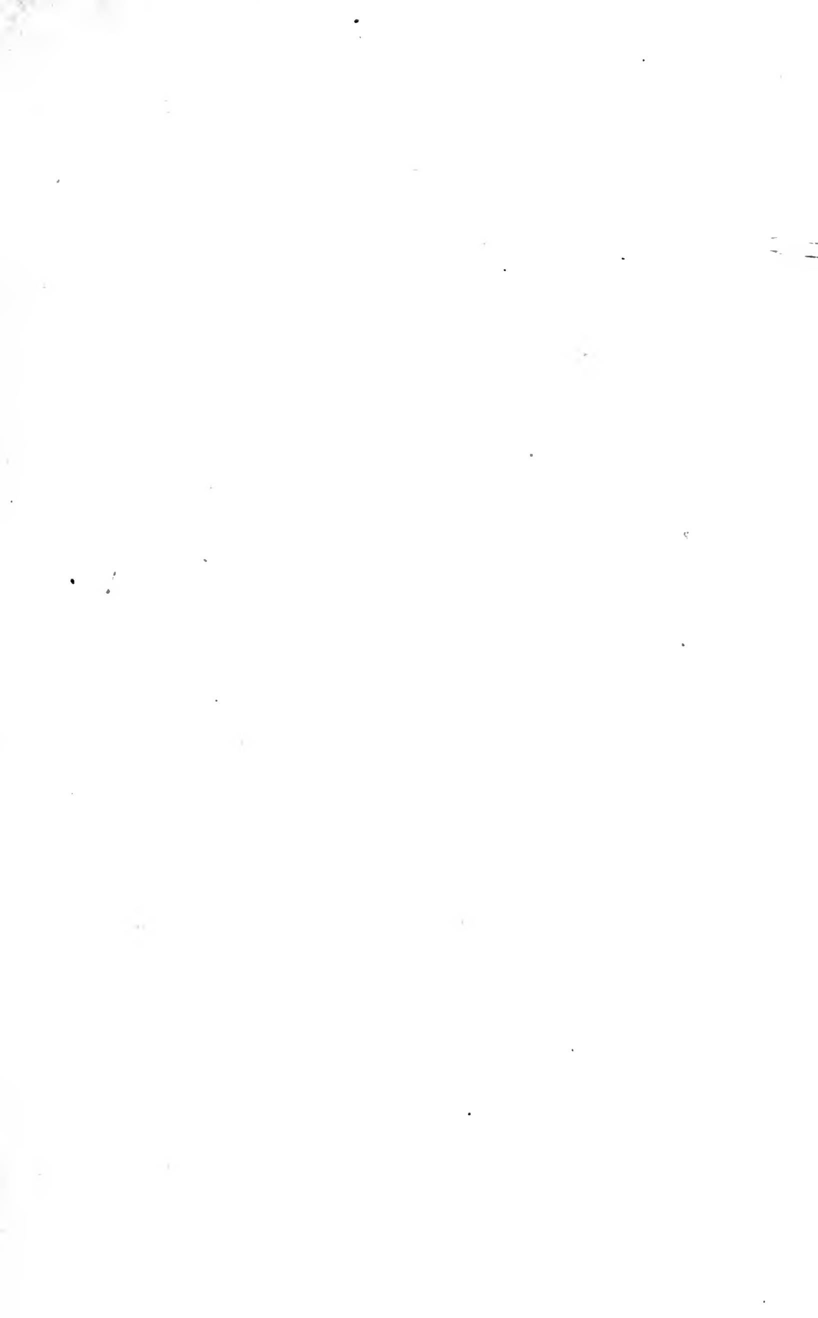

THE PRINCIPLES OF ORAL ENGLISH

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THE PRINCIPLES OF ORAL ENGLISH

BY

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AND

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New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1907

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Set up and electrotyped. Published January, 1906. Reprinted October, 1907.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

PREFACE

Teachers of oral English are, as a rule, pleased or displeased with the rendition of a sentence, a declamation, an oration or a reading according as it pleases or displeases their taste; and this only because taste has been, thus far, the only measure available for the guidance of the teacher or the instruction of a pupil. Taste alone and in itself, however, can no more afford a foundation for a standard of oral English than it can for music. The need in grammar school, high school and college is for an exposition of the subject that shall fix a standard which one who is familiar with the subject of grammar cannot fail to understand and apply. The laws of grammar are established, and its rules, if applied to sentences, cannot fail to develop in speaker or reader the ability to express intelligently the thoughts which they contain.

If a student thoroughly understands the thought content of a sentence and the emotion which accompanies it, he will express it in exactly the manner which the rules set forth in this book indicate; and if he masters these rules and their application, he can give an accurate and just reason for his method of expression.

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To furnish, then, a standard of measurement in the use of oral English, is the prime object of this book; and since grammatical analysis is the only sure means of determining what the thought in a sentence is, the laws uttered have been applied to the various forms of the English sentence.

Many teachers insist that all that is necessary to good delivery is to master the thought in a sentence; but they do not provide a method of reaching that thought. Other teachers contend that a familiarity with arbitrary rules is all that is necessary. Neither side is wholly right, although each advocates an essential truth. In this book the authors have not only combined the principles of both methods, but have, in addition, adduced rules which show the student how to reach the thought, and also the conventional method of expressing it.

It is not sufficient, however, in treating a subject such as this, to deal with the thought only, because the thought is usually colored by some emotion, and almost never stands alone. Emotion affects the quality of the voice, and the force, the rate and the pitch with which the thought is uttered. It is, therefore, necessary to understand the nature of the emotion in order to appreciate the effect it will have upon the vocal utterance of the thought. The authors have, accordingly, noted the principal kinds of emotion, analyzed their effects and pointed out their influences upon delivery.

Sentences have been grouped under proper heads,

according to grammatical structure, and analyzed, and the laws which govern their delivery have been deduced as the result of the analysis. For this two hundred and nineteen quotations have been used, taken from the works of one hundred and twenty-four standard authors.

The subject of delivery is treated first as a science. Afterward, in the chapter on Practice, an opportunity is given for its development as an art. To furnish additional material for the practice of reading and speaking as an art, a number of declamations have been appended. Most of these declamations have been adapted from chapters which have never been used for the purpose of speaking. It will be noticed that the declamations are descriptive rather than forensic. The authors have desired that this work should be used to develop an ability to treat vocally the ordinary affairs of life, and not necessarily for the development of the power of oratory. In many instances the delivery of forensic declamations has developed in a student a style which is florid and not at all appropriate for public speaking or ordinary conversation. Descriptive pieces, on the contrary, have no such effect, but rather develop an easy and pleasing style of conversation. Declamations have, therefore, been culled from works of a descriptive character instead of from forensic utterances.

AUTHORS QUOTED

NAME	TIMES QUOTED
Addison	1
Aldrich	2
Alison	1
Bancroft	1
Benjamin	1
Bible	9
Blackmore	3
Boswell	1
Burns	1
Butler	1
Browning	2
Bryant	2
Bryce	1
Byron	1
Calhoun	1
Campbell	1
Canning	1
Carey	1
Carleton	1
Carlyle	10
Castelar	1
Chatham	1
Choate	3
Churchill	2
Clay	1
Collier	1
Collins	1
Corelli	1
Croly	1
Curtis	2
Daly	1
Danton	1
Davis, Jefferson	1
Davis, W. S.	1
Depew	1
Dibdin	1
Dickens	9
Dill	1
Doyle	1
Douglas	1
Eliot	2
Ellis	1
Fenn	1
Fichte	1
Fielding	1
Fox	2
Gaudet	1
Gautier	1
Gensonne	2
Gibbons	3
Goldsmith	1
Gratton	1
Gray	2
Guizot	1
Halleck	1
Hamilton	2

NAME	TIMES QUOTED	NAME	TIMES QUOTED
Hancock	4	Pinckney	2
Harte, Bret	1	Poe	1
Hawthorne	2	Prentice	3
Hayne	1	Randolph	2
Henry	2	Read, T. B.	1
Homer	1	Robespierre	1
Hood	1	Roland, Madame	1
Hugo	1	Roosevelt	1
Hume	1	Roscoe	1
Hutton	1	Savage	1
Ingersoll	2	Schouler	1
Irving	4	Scott	7
Johnson	1	Scoville	1
Keats	1	Seward	3
Kingsley	1	Seward, F. D.	1
Kipling	1	Shakespeare	15
Lee	1	Sheridan	1
Lippard	2	Sterne	1
London Atlas	1	Stevenson	1
Longfellow	1	Sumner	1
Louvet	1	Taine	1
Lowell	1	Taylor	1
Lytton	3	Tennyson	1
Macaulay	3	Thackeray	3
Major	2	Thurston	1
Malet	2	Tracy	1
Meagher	1	Vergniaud	1
Michelet	1	Walpole	2
Milton	3	Wallace	2
Morton	1	Ware	1
Otis	2	Webster	6
"Ouida"	1	Willis	1
Pericles	1	Wilson	2
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CHAPTER I

BREATHING

To breathe correctly is as essential to public speaking, audible reading and agreeable conversation, as to breathe at all is to physical living. When the voice is not being used, one breathes regularly, or passively, inhaling and exhaling, a constant stream of air passing to and from the lungs. When one is silent, the air has only one function to perform; namely, to purify the blood. In speaking, however, the labor is added of serving the vocal organs in their creation and regulation of sound, for periods long or short as the sentiment that is being expressed shall demand.

The normal act which is performed for the purpose of sustaining life is *passive breathing*. Passive breathing is, obviously, impossible while using the voice. The voluntary storing of air in the lungs for speaking or reading is *forced breathing*. This chapter treats of *forced breathing*, adeptness in which is essential to the public speaker or reader.

That is correct breathing, within the treatment of the subject of this book, which gives to the reader or speaker the fullest control of the material of which the voice is made — air, as it is inhaled and exhaled.

Perfect management of the respiratory organs is necessary to perfect control of the voice, without which there can be no sufficient control of the formation of words. When failure to regulate the breathing results in a supply of air either too great or too small, the consequence is a gasping or explosive delivery. With the lungs undercharged it is impossible to produce proper inflections or to sustain a period, especially if the period be long.

It must be obvious, therefore, that correct breathing is that method which gives to speaker or reader the fullest control of the respiratory organs.

Familiarity with the construction and the functions of the vocal organs is helpful in the study of correct breathing, but not essential. However, a practical, working knowledge of how to breathe is essential; and it may be obtained by following the instructions contained in this chapter.

There are three ways of breathing: —

1. Clavicular, or Collarbone.
2. Costal, or Lateral.
3. Diaphragmatic, or Abdominal.

While *Clavicular Breathing* should not be neglected in developing the lungs, and from a hygi-

enic point of view, it should never be even considered, much less practiced, in connection with the use of the voice. Clavicular Breathing inflates only the upper parts of the lungs. This inflation causes the upper ribs to be raised, the breastbone to be thrust forward, and the shoulders and the collarbone to be elevated. As the shoulders and the collarbone are forced upward, they press against the vocal organs in the throat and produce a congestion, besides making it necessary, because of the resulting constriction of the throat, for the speaker to exert more than ordinary force to expel the air in producing a tone. This leads to an attempt to control the breath in the throat. This in turn, because the vocal organs are thereby compressed, causes a "throaty tone," rasps the vocal cords, and, if persisted in, results in a huskiness known as "clergyman's sore throat."

The breath cannot be satisfactorily controlled in the throat, and the attempt to control it there causes a jerky tone; the air is expelled in spurts of such volume that not all can be used in vocalizing, and the voice is, as a consequence, wheezy.

Costal or *Lateral Breathing*, sometimes called Rib Breathing, while not the best method, is far superior to Clavicular or Collarbone Breathing in that by it a greater volume of air is drawn into the lungs, better control is effected and none of the injurious conditions mentioned above follows.

By Costal Breathing the middle and lower parts of

the lungs are expanded. The floating ribs, the two lowest ribs on each side of the torso, which are attached to the backbone only, and the four false ribs immediately above them, are forced outward by the inflation of the lower lungs, thus providing a larger cavity for the reception of air, as a consequence of which a fuller, rounder, and more sustained tone can be produced. While control of the air is better under this method of breathing than under that of Clavicular Breathing, it is not perfect when used alone.

In *Diaphragmatic* or *Abdominal Breathing* the arch of the diaphragm is forced downward, thus enlarging the lung cavity in a perpendicular direction. The visible physical evidence of Diaphragmatic Breathing is the distention of the abdominal wall, a condition induced by the diaphragm, as the arch is forced downward, bearing upon the intestines. The latter, thus forced into some degree of compactness, are thrust outward against the abdominal wall, to restrict the expansion of which there is no bony structure.

Clavicular Breathing should never be used. Costal and Diaphragmatic breathing used together constitute the best method of breathing. By this combination a larger volume of air can be stored for use in the lung cavity and its expulsion can be controlled, so far as such control applies to vocalizing, absolutely. As a result a full, round tone can be obtained, the throat and vocal cords will be relieved of all

undue strain, and periods of unusual length can be sustained.

Exercises in Breathing

The use of the voice is an art. One definition of the word *art* is, "Facility resulting from practice." Starting from the self-evident fact that no expertness can result except from practice, the logical conclusion is reached that to a complete mastery of the voice, practice of every action which tends toward that accomplishment is necessary. Do not think that any good result in the art of speaking can be attained without such practice, and do not neglect practice in breathing simply because it is an act which you are performing every moment of your life. Physicians and men who have to do with the development of the human system prove, from statistics carefully compiled, that comparatively few persons breathe correctly; that is, so manipulate the diaphragm that the breathing apparatus is used in the best way for physical development. The same is true, also, of the organs used in speaking; namely, throat, mouth, tongue, teeth and lips.

Practice in breathing is the first thing which must be insisted upon in teaching oral English. If the pupil will practice ten minutes each day, in periods of two minutes each, according to the directions which follow, a few weeks will bring about a development of the respiratory organs and a facility in manipulating them that will be no less surprising than

satisfactory and valuable, from both a physical and an artistic standpoint.

There are rules which must be observed in order that the pupil shall receive the full benefit of these exercises.

First, always inhale through the nose.

Second, do not try to control the voice in the throat.

Third, never strain the breathing until you feel a pressure about the head or eyes.

Fourth, when you have continuously expelled one full breath, for so long that you find yourself to be emitting it in irregular gasps, stop — but begin again.

Fifth, never practice breathing before breakfast. It is likely to superinduce nausea.

Sixth, never exercise after a meal, because a full stomach prevents complete respiration.

Stand erect, resting the weight of the body on the ball of the foot, with chest thrown forward and up. The hands should be placed on the waist, one on either side, with the fingers on the abdomen. This position of the hands has nothing to do with the operation of breathing, but it will assist the pupil by enabling him to ascertain by physical observation the degree of progress made in inflating the lungs. That is, with his hands he can feel the expansion of the abdomen caused by the lowering of the diaphragm.

Exercise 1. — Take in the breath through the nos-

trils, slowly and almost to the full capacity of the lungs. It is never advisable to breathe to the extreme limit of capacity, because when that is reached the control of the organs is limited. Nor should the lungs be undercharged, because the object is to develop them by expansion, and so bring about a greater capacity. Now, with the lungs properly filled, expel the breath slowly, regulating its discharge by making a hissing noise through the teeth.

Exercise 2.—Take in the breath rapidly; expel it slowly, controlling it by making the same hissing noise indicated in the first exercise.

Exercise 3.—Take in the breath slowly; expel it rapidly, hissing.

Exercise 4.—Take in the breath rapidly; expel it rapidly, hissing.

Exercise 5.—After having exercised for ten minutes, in periods of two minutes each, select some matter which reads smoothly, such as Tennyson's "Brook," inflate the lungs fully and slowly, and then read aloud as much of it as you can without taking breath. Disregard the pauses, and make your rendering one continuous flow of distinctly enunciated words.

Progress made in controlling the breath should be carefully noted, if for no other reason than that a knowledge of progress made always encourages to continuance.

CHAPTER II

ARTICULATION

Articulation is the art of speaking with distinctness the sounds of which a word is composed. When the consonant sounds are distinct, speech is distinct; it is obscure when the consonant sounds are obscure. The vowels are important in pronunciation, but so far as articulation is concerned, they take care of themselves; and this chapter treats of articulation, not of pronunciation. Failure to give proper quantity to the vowels causes errors in pronunciation; but failure to give proper value to consonant sounds produces obscure and indistinct enunciation.

The primary purpose of every speaker is to be understood. Every speaker has an object which he may achieve if he is understood, but not otherwise. If his articulation is indistinct, he cannot be understood, and he fails, therefore, in his object. Articulation, then, is the first essential of all speaking, whether to a large and public audience or to one small and private.

The classification of the consonants which follows has been adopted because it has been found, in actual practice, easy of comprehension by high school and college students.

Consonants, classed according to the methods by which they are produced by the organs of speech, are: Labials, Dentals, Palatals, Nasals and Linguals. They are subdivided into Pure Consonants and Semi-Consonants.

A Pure Consonant is the sound produced by the breath bursting forth as an obstruction, caused by the conjunction of two or more of the organs of speech, is removed suddenly. The Pure Consonants are: P, F, T, TH soft, S, SH, CH, K, C, Q, sometimes X.

A Semi-Consonant is the sound which ensues when, with the vocal cords so separated that they produce a tone less than full, the breath bursts forth as an obstruction, caused by a conjunction of two of the other organs of speech, is removed suddenly. The Semi-Consonants are: B, M, W, V, TH hard, Z, ZH, J, G, Y, L, R, N, NG and NK.

The physical method by which each consonant and semi-consonant is produced will be explained, as such consonant or semi-consonant is discussed individually.

The Labials are consonant sounds made with the lips. They are: P, B, M, W, F and V.

The Dentals are consonant sounds made with the teeth. They are: T, D, TH soft, TH hard, S, SH, Z, ZH, CH and J.

The Palatals are consonant sounds made with the palate. They are: K, and C equal to K hard, G and Y.

The Linguals are consonant sounds made with the tongue. They are L and R.

The Nasals are consonant sounds made by the free escape of vocalized breath through the nose. They are: N, NG and NK.

The consonant H is simply an aspirate and has no sonance; Q is a form of K, and X is a combination of K and S.

Practice in speaking the sentences found in the various groups of examples in this chapter will be of value in achieving distinctness in articulation. The articulation of the consonants in the words should be not only distinct, but should be exaggerated in order to obtain the best results.

It is to be remembered, in this connection, that practice of examples in itself never brings about the lasting result that is desirable. Practice of these examples will effect a certain facility of articulation, but this will be of no practical value unless it is carried into the ordinary conversation of private life. In other words, what is, in the practice of these examples, a voluntary act, must be persisted in until it becomes an involuntary act, distinct and easy, although artificially acquired.

The sentences have been so arranged in groups of three that the consonant sounds which are to be presented in them occur at the beginning of the words in the first, in the middle of the words in the second and at the end of the words in the third.

The object of these examples is to afford practice in articulating sounds, so no especial attention has

been paid to letters. Where C could be used interchangeably with S, or with K, for instance, no effort had been made to avoid such use.

Labials

P is produced by pressing the lips together, elevating the nasal veil, or soft palate, compressing the breath in the mouth against the lips, and then allowing it to burst forth as the lips are separated suddenly.

Examples.

1. Prehistoric peoples used no pence for purchase.
2. Accomplished speakers display aptitude in properly applying the principles of aspiration and inspiration.
3. Under a lamp the Lenape promised to help the group to drop the prop and stop the antelope in its leap over the damp trap shown on the map.

B is produced in the same manner as P, except that a slight murmur occurs before the lips are separated. Care must be exercised not to follow the opening of the lip obstruction by a vowel.

Examples.

1. Beautiful brooks babbled by between blossoming banks.
2. Subdued by the obdurate constable, the miserable robber was obliged to reimburse doubly

the venerable archbishop for the valuable ruby he had abstracted from a table in the arbutus arbor on a Sabbath in December.

3. The Arab mob stabbed the cob and drew the cab to the curb.

M is produced by pressing the lips closely together, leaving the nasal passage open, and making a humming sound.

Examples.

1. Many Mohammedans made mad music at the merry marriage of the Mahdavi maid.
2. Remember to comment upon and emphasize these examples, assuming that many members of your immature assembly are ambitious and emulative.
3. After some time, Hiram came home from the extreme end of the farm, the lamb under his arm, numb, but safe from harm.

W is produced by thrusting the lips forward in a position to pronounce long OO, making at the same time a murmuring sound in the throat, then drawing the lips back into a position suitable to the pronunciation of the vowel which is to follow immediately.

Examples.

1. Willow wands waved weirdly in wild winter winds.
2. Bewildered, but unawed by the crowd, the newly awakened dowager arose from her

couch and, bowing, awaited the bestowal of the jeweled crown.

3. Now to follow the plow, now to sow, now to mow — that's a farmer's life.

In words beginning with WH, the H is pronounced before the W. Faulty articulation in the production of words spelled thus is common, and is to be sedulously avoided. Do not omit the sound of H, and so pronounce, for instance, *when* as *wen*.

Example.

The whalers whistled while they whisked the white whale to the wharf with a whip.

F is produced by pressing the lower lip lightly against the upper teeth and forcing the breath through the obstruction thus formed.

Examples.

1. Our forefathers fought fearlessly for freedom.
2. Opportunities for benefiting the unfortunate and comforting the afflicted are offered often to affluence.
3. With a buff mastiff and a staff, the rough bailiff forced the deaf waif to surrender half of his pelf.

V is produced in the same manner as is F, but is accompanied by a slight murmuring sound.

Examples.

1. Value vigorous verbiage; it avails with virile men.

2. Vocation is for livelihood; avocation for diversion.
3. The active Khedive, apprehensive of a decisive negative from his offensive relative, strove to move for an effective positive.

Dentals

T is produced by pressing the point of the tongue against the roof of the mouth just back of, but not touching, the teeth, arching the nasal veil, compressing the air against the obstruction thus formed, and then freeing it by releasing the contact of the tongue with the roof of the mouth and allowing the breath to rush through the small orifice thus created.

Examples.

1. Taciturn and talkative pupils are troublesome to teachers.
2. Instructors who portray facts interestingly attract untiring attention.
3. To repeat the first defeat was a brilliant act on the part of the proletariat, whose recent debate was a target for every dart and virulent epithet of the late candidate.

D is produced in the same manner as T, but with a murmur of the voice preceding the removal of the obstruction.

Examples.

1. Dull debates develop doubtful decisions.

2. Cinderella, abandoning the cinders, ended her childhood.
3. Startled and frightened by his loud word, the awakened child stooped, seized the cord with her uninjured hand, tied it around a post by the band-stand near the pond, and tightened it.

TH soft is produced by placing the tongue between the teeth, touching both upper and lower sets, arching the nasal veil and forcing the breath between the tongue and the teeth.

Examples.

1. Three thousand thankful thanes thronged the theater.
2. Slothful Catherine, watching within the smithy, saw Hathaway, wrathful and frothing, rushing across the pathway between the brothel and the cathedral.
3. Both were loath to travel the length of the sixth path to reach the fourth booth.

TH hard is produced in the same manner as TH soft, but with a murmur of the voice throughout its production.

Examples.

1. Rejoice with them, though then and there they and theirs will be greater than thee and thine.
2. The brothers feared the weather, so their mother gathered their father's clothes from the heather.

3. Delmarthe would mouthe, breathe hard, and writhe with every effort to clothe his lithe body.

Only ten words in the English language begin with the hard sound of TH. They are: *than*, *that*, *the*, *thee*, (with its declensions, *thou*, *thy*, *thyself* and *thine*) *they*, (with its declensions, *them*, *their* and *theirs*) *then*, *there*, (with the suffixed prepositions, *after*, *about*, *at*, *by*, *for*, *fore*, *from*, *in*, *inafter*, *of*, *on*, *out*, *unto*, *upon*, *with* and *withal*) *this*, (with its declensions, *these* and *those*) *thus*, (with the suffix, *wise*) *though*.

S is produced by bringing the teeth near together, but without touching, allowing the tongue to lie flat in the mouth with the point turned upward, arching the nasal veil and forcing the breath across the teeth.

Examples.

1. Stinging salt spray splashes the sailor who stands silent in the stern of the sloop.
2. Cicero discovered the disgraceful conspiracy of Cataline, and, in a caustic and merciless discourse, disclosed the hostile plot to the astonished and astounded assembly of senators.
3. Apophasis is emphasis, though not stress.

SH is produced by bringing the teeth near together, but without touching, slightly elevating the tongue in the back of the mouth, with the point

less elevated than in the production of S, arching the nasal veil and forcing the breath across the teeth.

Examples.

1. Shivering and shedding tears, she shyly sheltered her shapely shoulders, using a sheet for a shawl.
2. The tactician wished to attract the attention of the worshipful bishop to the wet ashes which splashed the thrashing branches of the acacia.
3. The wish of the rash Irish was to rush, push the skirmish to a finish and then vanish.

Z is produced in the same manner as S, but with the murmur of the voice continuing throughout its length.

Examples.

1. Zealous Zulus zigzagged the zebras among the zebus.
2. Elizabeth, miserably inclosed in the hazy, miasmatic and dismal mazes of the chasm, hesitated in her desire to send for Hezekiah, the physician, who lived opposite her residence.
3. The matins of the antipodes arise with our vespers.

ZH is produced in the same manner as SH, with the added murmur of the voice throughout its length. It never occurs at the beginning or the ending of a word.

Example.

> Ahasuerus, the usurer, counted it a casualty when the casuist, seeking sapphires, caught him leisurely measuring his azure treasure.

CH is a combination of T and SH. Place the tongue in a position to produce T and the teeth in a position to produce SH; then, by a sudden emission of the breath, produce these sounds in the order named, running the T into the SH, stopping the breath abruptly the instant the combined sound has been completed.

Examples.

1. A child chidden is a child checked.
2. The watchful archer, catching the poacher as he filched three flitches of bacon, dispatched the urchin, who fetched the preacher who was teaching in the ancient institution.
3. In her search for the rich brooch which was lost on the porch of the church, the Scotch witch fired the thatch with a torch of pitch.

J is a combination of D and ZH. Place the tongue in a position to produce D and the teeth in a position to produce ZH; then, by a sudden emission of the breath, produce these sounds in the order named, running the D into the ZH, stopping the breath abruptly the instant the combined sound has been completed. This is the same sound as that of G soft.

Examples.

1. John, jilted just because of Jane's jealousy, jeered at her judgment.
2. The language of the adjutant's messenger convinced a majority of the assemblage of besieged and injured refugees that the exigency had been adjusted.
3. Judge Wringe, in a rage because he could not engage ferriage at Hedge Forge for George's marriage at the Grange, forgot his age and smashed the carriage with a huge sledge.

Palatals

K is produced by arching the base of the tongue against the nasal veil, compressing the breath back of them, and expelling the breath suddenly as the obstruction is abruptly removed.

Examples.

1. Crowns are for kings; crosses for Christians.
2. Snakes are scorched with forked sticks.
3. The cook, flung to the deck by the shock, awoke to find that the bark had struck a rock in the creek and was aleak.

G hard is produced in the same manner as K, but with a murmur of the voice accompanying the production.

Examples.

1. Gayly gowned girls gazed at the gilded, glittering gig and giggled.

2. Vigorous epigrams in the English language were wringing the Hungarian tongue of the ragged demagogue as he harangued and argued angrily against the programme.
3. When her dog dug a frog from under a log, the hag, who sat on a rag of a rug thrown over a keg, caught it by the leg.

Y is produced with the teeth and lips separated, the middle of the tongue arched, the nasal veil elevated, and the voice murmuring faintly the sound of the vowel I, short.

Examples.

1. The Yankee yacht yawed a yard and took the yellow yarn from the yawl.
2. His buoyant opinion promised a union beyond the cañon with his minion in January.

There is no consonant sound of Y occurring at the end of a word.

LINGUALS

L is produced by placing the tip of the tongue in position to make the sound D, but without touching the sides of the tongue to the teeth, arching the nasal veil and murmuring, the murmur being produced well forward in the mouth.

Examples.

1. Lilly lifted lightly the low-lying leaves of the lilac bush and looked longingly for her lover.

2. William willingly yielded the alley to the yelling villains.
3. When the valuable jewel fell into the well, all the people rushed, pell-mell, to tell the Cardinal.

R is produced by depressing the back part of the tongue, elevating the tip of the tongue, arching the nasal veil and emitting a slight murmur, resembling E, short.

The trilled R is not in use in this country.

Examples.

1. Regard for the rules of rhetoric is a requirement for ready reading.
2. Searching for Harry, George drove a carriage hurriedly in a circle forty furlongs across.
3. For fear that the fire would injure the furniture, four more wire screens were brought from the store and placed before it on the floor.

NASALS

N is produced by pressing the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth just back of the teeth, the lips apart, lowering the nasal veil and allowing a vocalized breath to escape through the nose.

Examples.

1. It is known now that only niggardly nations neglect their navies.

2. Immense throngs witnessed the ceremonies attendant upon the recent coronation of England's monarch.
3. In the forenoon, as Catherine, in a worn cotton gown, began to churn, John ran down the lane.

NG is produced by holding the lips and teeth apart, the tip of the tongue being pressed against the lower teeth, the back of the tongue lifted against the nasal veil, which is dropped slightly, and allowing a vocalized breath to escape through the nose.

Examples.

1. Jingling her dangling bangles, a single singer lingered longer among the hagglers in the angle.
2. Pending the settling of the long misunderstanding, the willing hireling was holding the ring over which the men were disputing, expecting that one would fling a shilling to him for being obliging.

The sound NG never occurs at the beginning of a word. When it occurs in the middle of a word it is frequently followed immediately by G hard. When it occurs at the end of a word, however, it is never properly followed by the sound of G hard. When, therefore, it is being produced at the end of a word, the vocal organs must remain in the positions specified while the vocalized breath is escaping, because their separation results in the sound of G hard or K.

NK is the same sound as NG with the sound of K following immediately the sound of NG. It never occurs at the beginning of a word.

Examples.

1. The lanky Yankee winked and blinked as he thanked the banker.
2. The pink flowers grew rank on the dank bank near the river's brink.

Q and X have been omitted from this discussion of consonants because Q is equivalent to K, and X is equivalent to KS and GZ, all of which sounds have been treated in their proper places. The methods of producing these sounds present no special difficulties of articulation.

CHAPTER III

MODULATION

MODULATION is any variation of tone; and tone, in the application of the term to the subject under discussion in this book, is the sound of the human voice used in speaking or reading.

Tone has four recognized properties. They are: *Quality*, *Force*, *Pitch* and *Rate*.

Any variation in any of these properties, such as change from one kind of quality of tone to another, or from one degree of force, pitch or rate to another degree of the same property, is modulation.

Quality is that property of the human voice by which expression is given to a thought, an emotion, a feeling, or a sentiment by the kind of tone used in speaking.

Force is the energy with which words are uttered.

Pitch is the elevation or depression of the voice in the gamut.

Rate is the speed at which words are uttered.

The basic principle of vocal expression is Quality, because it, above all other properties, is the most easily affected by sentiment or emotion. It cannot be used, however, except in conjunction with one or more of the other properties of the human voice,

Force, Rate or Pitch, and so at least two of the four properties occur in the expression of a thought, a feeling, an emotion, or a sentiment.

Any change in Quality, Force, Pitch or Rate, when it occurs involuntarily, is the vocal expression of a mental condition; when it is produced voluntarily it is the effort of the speaker to reproduce the vocal evidence of the mental condition which originally gave rise naturally to the particular modification thus reproduced.

The various kinds of Quality are called Normal, or Pure, Tone, Orotund, Guttural and Whisper.

Normal Quality, sometimes called *Pure Tone*, is the customary sound of one's voice as it is used in stating a fact which is not associated with emotion of any kind. Conceive one who is wholly uninterested in the state of the weather saying; "It is raining." The mind being unaffected by any emotion, the voice expresses no sentiment and is, for this reason, Normal, or Pure, in quality or tone.

The *Orotund* is full and round, and is the evidence given by the tone of the voice of appreciation of a sentiment of reverence, grandeur, sublimity, devotion or any other elevating sentiment.

Example.

> The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him. — *Bible.*

All four of the sentiments mentioned above are embodied in the idea conveyed by these words.

The Orotund Quality is used in their delivery. Being full, round and large, it is the nearest approach of which the human voice is capable to adequate conveyance of the sentiments expressed in the sentence, because these being themselves large they require a similar quality of tone to convey an appreciation of their appearance or conception.

The *Guttural* is a cramped, throaty tone, flat and without resonance. It is used to illustrate a spirit of revenge or a mental condition of anger, hate, or any other malignant passion intensified to such a degree that the mental agitation becomes physical also, and so produces a condition of rage.

Example.

> *Shy.* To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we

> not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
>
> — *Shakespeare.*

It is well to bear in mind that rage, in connection with malignant passion, is both mental and physical. Darwin, discussing malignant passion, says: "A man may intensely hate another, but until his bodily frame is affected, he cannot be said to be enraged."

While the whole body is affected by a condition of rage, this extreme passion has a peculiar effect upon the muscles of the throat, which it causes to become constricted, sometimes even to the closing of the thorax so that the patient can neither speak nor breathe. The effort to enunciate while one is thus choked produces the Guttural Tone, which becomes, for this reason, the vocal expression of rage.

DEFINITION

Whisper is articulate aspiration.

Some writers class as a quality what they call semi-tone, which is a combination of a tone, or full vocalization, and a whisper. The semi-tone, however, is essentially a whisper and should be considered as such. It is included here in the treatment of Whisper. It is commonly referred to as Stage Whisper.

Whisper is used in portraying an idea of quietness, of secrecy, of extreme physical weakness, of deep awe, of excessive fear, and of any emotion, free vent to the full vocal expression of which is denied to the speaker by some circumstance, either external or internal. This is true always when the speaker is expressing his own involuntary emotions; but when he is reproducing the vocal expression of another's emotions, custom has dictated the use of the semi-tone in the place of the Whisper, and it thus becomes, in many cases, the conventional method of expressing any of the mental conditions indicated above. Some of the following examples, by all of which the writers certainly intended to portray emotions the vocal expression of which would naturally be conveyed by a Whisper, are conventionally reproduced in a semi-tone.

Whisper is of three kinds: Gentle, Forceful and Explosive.

Gentle Whisper is the quietest tone of which we are capable. It has the least carrying power, and for that reason has been adopted naturally when the speaker did not wish to be overheard by anybody at a distance. It has been used, therefore, in all time, to convey ideas when the wish has been to avoid awakening a sleeping person, disturbing the sick, or attracting the attention of any one to whom information was not to be conveyed, and has been so used by everybody, from the whispering child in the schoolroom to the villain plotting against the welfare

of another. It requires the least physical effort on the part of the speaker, and is, therefore, the tone attributed to the very sick, the dying, or persons in whom bodily weakness is very pronounced.

Gentle Whisper is used in conveying an idea of quietness, of secrecy or caution, of extreme physical weakness, and of deep awe.

The following example is taken from the play of "Othello." The Moor is in the room of his sleeping wife, whom he is about to murder. Before awakening her so that he may tell her why she dies, Othello runs over the situation in a soliloquy. Since he does not wish Desdemona to awaken before he has definitely resolved upon her death and has fully prepared his own mind for the act, Othello speaks in a tone which will not disturb her slumber.

The pupil must distinguish between the actual whisper and the tone which is assumed in reproducing whisper situations. Gentle Whisper argues a desire for privacy of thought. In reproductions of whisper situations, however, the desire is to convey the original idea of privacy to an audience of greater or less extent, as the circumstance shall exist, and is directly opposed to the original intention.

In the portrayal of situations which would properly require the use of the Whisper, convention has ruled, therefore, that the Semi-Tone or Stage Whisper shall be used, because it has a carrying power greater than that of a pure Whisper, and so can be heard over a larger area of space.

Examples.

Quietness : —

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul :
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed your blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Püt out the light, and then put out the life :
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again by former light restore,
Should I repent me : but once put out thy light,
Cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither : I'll smell thee on the tree.
O balmy breath that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword ! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. Once more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

— *Shakespeare.*

In the following example, the third paragraph, which Boteler speaks when he catches sight of the

victim for whose life he and Aram are lying in wait, contains the ideas of both secrecy and caution. He whispers so that his tone shall not betray the secret of the presence of the plotters and is, therefore, cautious that he shall not be heard except by the person whom he addresses.

Secrecy or Caution: —

Bot. Thou triflest: this no hour
For the light legends of a gossip's lore —
Aram. Peace, man! I did but question of the fact.
Enough. I marvel why our victim lingers.
Bot. Hush! dost thou hear no footsteps? Ha, he comes,
I see him by yon pine tree. Look, he smiles;
Smiles as he walks and sings —
Aram. Alas! poor fool!
So sport we all, while over us the pall
Hangs, and Fate's viewless hands prepare our shroud. — *Lytton.*

Weakness: —

King John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one little thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

—*Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare makes these the last words of King John, who was dying of poison. It is reasonable to assume that, the death throe being on, the dying man had not sufficient strength to accomplish sonorous speech.

Deep Awe: —

Fear came upon me, and a trembling, which made all my bones to shake;
Then a spirit passed before my face; and the hair of my flesh stood up;
It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof:
An image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying:
Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

—*Bible.*

Forceful Whisper is used in calling when, for any reason, one wishes to avoid using the resonant property of the voice and yet desires his words to be heard within certain prescribed limits. It is used also in portraying great fear or any other emotion so violent that it produces a paroxysm, and, consequently, suppresses vocal expression.

Examples.

Calling: —

Hush! silence along the lines there! Silence along the lines there! Not a word — not a word on the peril of your lives! — *Lippard.*

Great Fear: —

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! It stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: I charge thee, speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you on it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of my own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by on our watch.
— *Shakespeare.*

The hour of the night, the presence of the ghostly Denmark, the inherent dread of the supernatural, which was particularly strong in the time and in the country of which Shakespeare wrote the history of Hamlet, together with the knowledge which the speakers had of the affairs of the wronged king, as well as of those of his perfidious queen, would, undoubtedly, conduce to a whispered conversation, which, however, would not be the soft sibilant of secrecy, but rather the stronger one in which the voice is repressed involuntarily. That portion of the conversation, therefore, which precedes Horatio's challenge to the apparition, exemplifies the Whisper:

forceful, because the voice of the speaker was restrained by the sensation of fear of the ghost.

Force

Force is the dynamic energy of the tone; that is, the volume with which it is enunciated. It is possible, without raising the pitch, to enunciate with such force that the voice will be heard distinctly at a distance not absolutely necessary for an understanding of the words spoken. An orator "fills the hall with his voice," not necessarily because he raises its pitch, but because he imparts to it a dynamic energy which makes its sound carry. In other words, the tone swells in volume while not rising in pitch.

There are three degrees of Force: Normal, or Moderate, Energetic and Subdued.

Moderate Force, when associated with Normal, or Pure Tone, is used in expressing unimpassioned state of mind.

Example.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar; not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. —*Shakespeare.*

It must be evident that had Antony used more than Normal Force in beginning his address, it would have been inappropriate to the occasion of a funeral

oration; besides, since his purpose was first to obtain the confidence of the Roman people and then to secure it by later portions of his utterance, he would speak quietly at the beginning so that he might impress them with a sense of his putative impartiality.

Moderate Force, when associated with Orotund Quality, is used in expressing grandeur, sublimity or reverence. The opening stanza of Hugo Hutton's poem, "God Everywhere," expresses reverence; the second stanza expresses grandeur and sublimity: —

Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, — "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise
And, lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire,
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?

There view immensity! Behold! my God is there;
The sun, the moon, the stars, His majesty declare.

Energetic Force, by which is meant any increase in the ordinary volume of the voice, when associated with Normal, or Pure Quality, is used in expressing animated thought or feeling.

Example.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assembly arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the inner line. All six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Seeing the action, the judges dropped the rope; and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall. —*Adapted from the Chariot Race in "Ben Hur." Lew Wallace.*

Energetic Force, when associated with Orotund Quality, is used in expressing bold or lofty thought or feeling.

Example.

> He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.
>
> "Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder which stilled the voice of the crowd, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!" — *Lytton.*

Subdued Force is force less than Normal. It is used generally in association with Normal, or Pure Quality, to express an idea of solemnity, tranquillity or beauty.

Example.

> And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
> And we bury our treasures there;
> There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
> There are heaps of dust — but we loved them so!
> There are trinkets and tresses of hair;
>
> There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
> And a part of an infant's prayer;
> There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
> There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
> And the garments that she used to wear.
>
> There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
> By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear through the turbulent
roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember'd for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its blessed smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of Soul be in sight.

— *Benjamin F. Taylor.*

Pitch

Pitch is any variation of the Tone within the range of the voice. Each person has a normal pitch which is absolute in itself and which is peculiar to that person, and any variation of that pitch within the range of his voice, as higher or lower, entirely without reference or relation to any other person's voice, is called *Pitch.*

There are three recognized degrees of *Pitch:* Normal, or Middle; Low, which is below the Normal; and High, which is above the Normal.

Normal, or *Middle Pitch,* is used in expressing unimpassioned thought.

Example.

A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment toward them. — *Meagher.*

Low Pitch is used in expressing pathos, solemnity or devotion.

Examples.

Pathos and Solemnity : —

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight-folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her. — *Dickens.*

Devotion : —

"I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause. — *Depew.*

High Pitch is used in shouting, commanding, calling, and in expressing uncontrolled passion, and is associated with such quality as is demanded by the emotion which is being portrayed.

Examples.

Shouting : —

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

— *Shakespeare.*

Commanding: —

Charge, Chester! Charge! On, Stanley! On!
— *Scott.*

Calling: —

Ahoy, my lad! Where are you? — *Fenn.*

Attention should be called here to the usual mistake in reproducing shouts, commands and calls. Pupils, when called on to deliver such examples as these, will, as a rule, throw out their words in jerks. The object in shouting, giving commands, and calling is to cause the enunciator to be heard by a number of persons and at a distance. In order to accomplish this result it is necessary to increase the force of the voice, to articulate distinctly and to dwell for more than the ordinary length of time on the vowel sounds.

Uncontrolled Passion: —

All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. — *Shakespeare.*

Rate

Rate measures the rapidity of the utterance of a series of vocal sounds or words, and its differentiations are expressed in terms of degree, as Normal, Rapid or Slow.

Normal, or *Moderate Rate*, is the speed at which one speaks when unaffected by any emotion.

Example.

> "Well, Davie, lad," said he, "I will go with you as far as the ford, to set you on the way."
>
> — *Stevenson.*

Rapid Rate is enunciation faster than the Normal, and is used in expressing animated thought or feeling; and if the rate be very rapid, hurry or excitement, or a state of ecstasy.

Examples.

Excitement: —

> And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
> And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
> And near, the beat of the alarming drum
> Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
> While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
> Or whispering, with white lips — "The Foe!
> They come! They come!" — *Lord Byron.*

Ecstatic Anger: —

Leah. The old man who died because I loved you; the woman who hungered because I followed you; the infant who died of thirst because of you; may they follow you in dreams and be a drag upon your feet forever. May you wander as I wander, suffer shame as I now suffer it. Cursed be the land you till; may it keep faith with you, as you kept faith with me! Cursed be the unborn fruit of thy marriage! may it wither as my young heart has withered; and should it ever see the light, may its brows be blackened by the mark of Cain, and may it vainly pant for nourishment on its dying mother's breast! Cursed, thrice cursed may you be evermore, and as my people on Mount Ebel spoke, so speak I thrice, Amen! Amen! Amen! — *Daly.*

Slow Rate is enunciation more deliberate than Normal, and is used in expressing solemnity, pathos, devotion or grandeur; and if the rate is very slow, profound reverence, deep solemnity or horror.

Examples.

Profound Reverence and Deep Solemnity: —

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and
would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross
is gazing upon you!

See! In those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! How those lips still repeat the prayer, "O, Father, forgive them!" — *Longfellow.*

Horror: —

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," — the innocent sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; —
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more! to all the house:
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleeping grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers! the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red. — *Shakespeare.*

It is obvious that in a work of this kind only a minor portion of the modulations of the human voice can be mentioned in terms. The voice is capable of an infinite number of changes, as it must be to express all the degrees of emotion of which the human mind is capable, and it is impossible to note each one. The principal modulations have been given, however, and the student can, by putting into practice the lessons to be learned from the application of the principles exemplified, express all the modifications of all the emotions peculiar to man.

Inflections

Other movements of the voice which are included in the general subject of Pitch are: the Bend, the Falls, Perfect and Partial; the Sweeps, Accentual, Emphatic and Perfect; and the Slides, Ascending and Descending.

The *Bend* is a slight upward inflection of the voice. It precedes a pause of imperfect sense and indicates uncompleted expression of a thought. Although it is that movement of the voice which occurs usually at a comma, it is used also where no punctuation can be placed properly, but where an upward turn of the voice is necessary to grammatical expression of the thought which the speaker wishes to convey. It is indicated in the following example by the acute accent.

Example.

> I cannot leave this life and character′ without selecting′ and dwelling on one or two of his traits′, or virtues′, or felicities′ a little longer.
>
> —*Rufus Choate.*

The abuse of the bend is its use at pauses of perfect sense. This produces the effect known as the "holy tone." It is a violation of grammatical construction, since it indicates that the sense is incomplete when it is really complete.

Falls are slight downward inflections of the voice.

The *Perfect Fall* occurs at a pause of perfect sense and indicates completed expression of thought. In

the following example it is indicated by the grave accent.

Example.

> Chance is written on every battlefield.\` Discerned less in the conflict of large masses than in that of individuals, it is equally present in both.\` — *Charles Sumner.*

The *Partial Fall* is less decided than the Perfect Fall. It is used to separate expressions of complete though related thoughts; as at the ends of members of a compound sentence. In the following example it is indicated by a perpendicular line.

Example.

> But the great issue was clearly drawn; | his whole being was stirred to its depths; | he was in the bloom of youth, the pride of strength; | history and reason, the human heart and the human conscience, were his immortal allies; | and around him were the vast, increasing hosts of liberty; the men whose counsels he approved; the friends of his heart; the multitude that thought him only too eager for unquestionable right; the prayer of free men and women, sustaining, inspiring, blessing him. — *George William Curtis.*

Sweeps

Sweeps are gradual and undulating movements of the voice by which it varies from a monotone. They

are used in placing stress upon words and accent upon syllables.

Stress is an added degree of vocal force applied to a word to which a speaker desires to attract particular attention. Accent is an added degree of vocal force applied to one syllable of a polysyllabic word. There is a normal tendency when adding force to raise the pitch at the same time. That rise in the pitch which precedes added force, together with the fall to the normal after the force has been given, is a sweep.

Sweeps are of three kinds: Emphatic, Accentual and Perfect, each of which is separated into First and Second Parts.

Emphatic Sweeps, First and Second, are those fluctuations of the tone within the range of the voice by which it moves up and down the scale in the delivery of an expression, whether that expression be a sentence or a part of a sentence.

The First Emphatic Sweep is that movement of the tone which leads it generally upward in the scale to the word upon which the stress is to be placed.

The Second Emphatic Sweep begins immediately after the word upon which stress is placed, and leads generally downward to a point below the normal pitch, whence the tone rises to the first pause of imperfect sense.

The First Emphatic Sweep begins at a pause of perfect or imperfect sense.

The Second Emphatic Sweep ends at a pause of imperfect or incomplete sense.

The inflection of the voice at the termination of the Second Emphatic Sweep is the same as that used in the Bend, and serves the same purpose.

Examples.

I do not know a man in the world who cannot get rid of his wife if he tries to do so. I can put him in the way to do it at once. —*Seward.*

The right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand. —*James Otis.*

Accentual Sweeps are used on single words only. They are the same movements of the voice which occur in Emphatic Sweeps and are due to the placing of accent upon a syllable of a word.

The First Accentual Sweep ends with the enunciation of the accented syllable.

The Second Accentual Sweep begins where the First Accentual Sweep ends.

Example.

CULTELLATION

The *Perfect Sweep* is the continuous recurrence of the First and Second Emphatic Sweeps at equal or nearly equal intervals throughout a sentence or a part of a sentence.

While the Perfect Sweep is best exemplified by the scansion of poetry, it must not be thought that it does not occur in prose. It does occur in certain forms of prose sentences giving to them musical, flowing movement. It is also the characteristic movement of the voice in portraying derision, irony, mockery, raillery, ridicule, sarcasm and satire, whatever the form of the sentence may be.

Examples.

> **If no such well could be found in the heart of the hill, the castle was of small account; the foe** would come and camp about the walls, would prevent the defenders from reaching a spring, and then it was only a question of time when they would faint for thirst and open their gates.
> —*Robert Collier.*

Irony: —

> **Is the gentleman done? Is he completely** done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. — *Gratton.*

Slides

Slides are those inflections of the tone by which it passes through various degrees of pitch, ascending or

descending with perfect directness, (that is, undeviated by any other form of modulation) except when influenced by accent.

Slides are of two kinds: Ascending and Descending.

The *Ascending Slide* is that inflection by which the voice is carried, in the manner indicated in the general definition of Slides, upward in the scale. It may begin at Normal, or Middle Pitch, or at any point above or below it. Conceiving the dotted line to indicate the Normal Pitch, an Ascending Slide would run thus:—

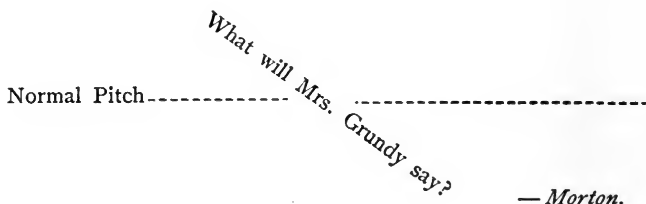
Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle? —*Dibdin.*

Normal Pitch------------------------------------

The Ascending Slide is a prolongation of that inflection of the voice which occurs in the Bend. The Bend, however, occurs on a single syllable only, whereas the Slide passes through a number of syllables or words.

The *Descending Slide* is that inflection by which the voice is carried, in the manner indicated in the general definition of Slides, downward in the scale.

It may begin at Normal, or Middle Pitch, or at any point above or below it. Conceiving the dotted line to indicate the Normal Pitch, the Descending Slide would run thus: —



The Descending Slide is a prolongation of that inflection of the voice which occurs in a Perfect Fall. The Perfect Fall, however, occurs on a single syllable only, whereas the Descending Slide passes through a number of words or syllables. In a declarative sentence ending with a Descending Slide, the completed thought is indicated by that Slide, as it is by a Perfect Fall. The Descending Slide, therefore, includes the Perfect Fall.

Exceptions

Exception 1. — When an expression begins with an emphatic word of one syllable, or with an emphatic word of more than one syllable which has the accent on the first syllable, the First Emphatic Sweep is omitted because there is no place in which to develop it. The sentence is begun, therefore, at the point which the voice would have reached had the First

Emphatic Sweep been used. The Second Emphatic Sweep follows as in any other expression.

Examples.

One Syllable: —

> When this debate, sir, was to be resumed on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable member, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. *That* shot, sir, which he thus kindly informed us was coming, that we might stand out of the way or prepare ourselves to fall by it and die with decency, has now been received. — *Webster.*

More than One Syllable: —

> Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; *pur*itanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor.
>
> — *Bancroft.*

Exception 2. — When unusually strong stress is placed upon a word, the tendency is to change the Second Emphatic Sweep to the Descending Slide, which continues to the first pause. When the stress is strong enough, the pause which would follow the

stress normally is omitted, and the Descending Slide is continued to a later point.

Example.

> Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that **which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us.**
>
> — *Patrick Henry.*

The Second Emphatic Sweep is replaced here by the Descending Slide because of the unusual stress which is placed on the word *invincible.*

Exception 3. — When an interpolation immediately follows the emphatic word in a sentence, it takes a full development of the Second Emphatic Sweep, regardless of the pause which occurs between it and the emphatic word.

Examples.

1. In the meantime, *Sir,* and until that history shall be written, I propose, with the feeble and glimmering lights which I possess, to review the conduct of this party in connection with the war and the events which immediately preceded it.— *Hayne.*
2. This was, *in my opinion,* the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect if it should ever be restored. — *Walpole.*

Exception 4. — When the emphatic word is the last word in a sentence and consists of only one syllable, or has the accent on the last syllable, the Second Emphatic Sweep is replaced by that Fall, Partial or Perfect, which it would take otherwise under the rules formulated in this chapter. When it consists of more than one syllable and has the accent on any syllable except the last, or when more than one word or syllable intervenes between the emphatic word or syllable and the end of the sentence, the Second Emphatic Sweep is replaced by the Descending Slide.

Examples.

1. I call upon the honor of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your *own*. — *Chatham*.
2. He trod the winepress *alone*.
3. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the reckless Hillsborough derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them; and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the controversy and held to it in*ex*orably.
   — *George William Curtis*.

Exception 5. — When in an expression delivered with the Ascending Slide, stress is placed upon a word, the dip of the voice necessary to make the stress breaks the continuity of the Slide, which is, however, resumed immediately.

Examples.

1. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too *poor* to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" — *Otis.*

2. Have we found *angels* in the form of *kings* to govern him? — *Pinckney.*

3. Is it denied that those states possess a *republican* form of government? — *Pinckney.*

Exception 6. — When in an expression delivered with the Descending Slide stress is placed upon a word, the First Emphatic Sweep interrupts the Slide, after which the Slide resumes its progress and continues to the end of the expression.

Examples.

1. What *inducements*, what *temptations* can they have? — *Hamilton.*

2. Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and equal, how was the prince to be arraigned for stirring up *insurrection* among them? — *Jefferson Davis.*

CHAPTER IV

THE APPLICATION OF VOCAL INFLECTION

The purpose of this chapter is to show how the inflections of the voice, which have been defined and illustrated in the chapter on Modulation, are applied in general delivery. All sentences in the English language can be classified according to grammatical form, and there is a definite law which governs the vocal delivery of each class. These laws have been deduced from customary usage in oratory, reading and ordinary conversation, and each law applies equally to all the phases included in the three classes of delivery.

According to grammatical structure there are three classes of sentences: Simple, Complex and Compound. Each of these may be declarative, interrogative, imperative or exclamatory. The declarative will be treated first.

The Simple Sentence

Definition. — A Simple Sentence is a single proposition which has only one grammatical subject and one grammatical predicate. It may also have an attribute or an object, and any or all of these gram-

matical parts may be compound, and may be modified by one or more words or phrases.

Examples.

1. Jesus wept. — *Bible.*
2. The principle is plain, rational and consistent. — *Macaulay.*
3. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. — *Irving.*

These examples, which illustrate various forms of the simple declarative sentence, prove that no simple sentence can be separated into parts which are complete in themselves, and that in such sentences the expression of the thought is not complete until the last word of the sentence is spoken.

The application of the laws governing the Sweeps, those inflections which precede and follow stress; the Bend, which always indicates that the expression is not complete and that something is about to be added; and the Perfect Fall, which always indicates the conclusion of a declarative sentence, develops the following rule for the delivery of the Simple Sentence: —

Rule for Delivery. — The Simple Sentence is delivered with the emphatic sweeps up to and after the

words upon which stress is placed, the bend at the pauses of imperfect sense, and the perfect fall at the end.

The Complex Sentence

A Complex Sentence is one which contains one principal clause and one or more subordinate clauses.

Examples.

1. To give a satisfactory answer to this mighty question, it is indispensable to have an accurate and thorough knowledge of the nature and the character of the cause by which the Union is endangered. — *Calhoun.*
2. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and its growth, has been altogether foreign to the habits of the races which colonized these states and established civilization here. — *Seward.*
3. Here was Fanny, proud, fitful, whimsical, further advanced in that disqualified state for going into society which had so much fretted her on the evening of the tortoise-shell night, resolved always to want comfort, resolved not to be comforted, resolved to be deeply wronged, and resolved that nobody should have the audacity to think her so. — *Dickens.*
4. As for the sweetness of labor and fulfilled claims; the interest of inward and outward

activity; the impersonal delights of life as a perpetual discovery; the dews of courage, fortitude, industry, which it is mere baseness not to pay toward the common burden; the supreme worth of the teacher's vocation; these, even if they had been eloquently preached to her, could have been no more than faintly apprehended doctrines. — *Eliot.*

5. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. — *Bible.*

6. When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, (then) he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance at the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his course. — *Webster.*

7. Sir, if I did not consider both these causes involved in the proposition which I have this day to make known to you, (then) I should not address the House, as I do now, in the full and entire confidence that the gracious communication of His Majesty will be met by the House with the concurrence of which His Majesty has declared his expectation. — *Canning.*

8. And as the faint light of his course pierced into the dwellings of men (then) it fell, as now, on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on

the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the hasty uprising of the hard-handed laborer; and on the late sleep of the night student, who had been questioning the stars or the sages, or his own soul, for that hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life, and show its dark path that seems to bend now hither, to be an arc in an immeasurable light and glory. — *Eliot.*

9. I will not harm thee, thou small thing; for in the proud consciousness of right I could even pity thee. — *Pericles.*

In Complex Sentences, as in simple sentences, the expression of the thought is never completed until the last word of the sentence has been uttered, because the subordinate clauses are so closely associated with the independent clauses that neither can stand alone and permit full expression of the thought. The relation between the independent and the subordinate clauses must, therefore, be indicated by inflection. Since the bend is the only inflection which can be used to indicate an expression of thought which has not yet been completed, the rule for inflection which governs the delivery of the simple sentence applies also to the clauses of the complex sentence.

Examples Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 differ slightly in construction from examples Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in

that their members are introduced by correlative words, expressed or understood. Example No. 9 differs from the others in that it opens with a negative statement and does not contain correlative words. In examples Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 the stress falls at nearly equal intervals in the opening clause of each — that is, the opening clause lends itself to rhythmical delivery. This is true of all sentences of similar construction.

All complex sentences in the English language can be classified under one or other of the three forms given in these examples. For purposes of delivery, therefore, three forms of the complex sentence are recognized — those in which the first clause is positive in character, those in which the first clause is negative in character, and those whose clauses are introduced by correlative words, expressed or understood.

Rule for Delivery. — The complex sentence is delivered with the emphatic sweeps up to and after the words upon which stress is placed, the bend at the pauses of imperfect sense and the perfect fall at the end. When the first member of a complex sentence is negative in character, or when the members are introduced by correlative words, either expressed or understood, the stress in the first member occurs at equal or nearly equal intervals, and the consequent frequent and regular recurrence of the emphatic sweep produces in this member the Perfect Sweep.

The Compound Sentence

A Compound Sentence is a number of propositions, or sentences, each independent of the others, but all so closely related in thought that they are grouped together so as to make what is called one sentence. Each of these independent propositions we call a member.

Since each member is a complete and independent sentence in itself, it must be either simple, complex or compound. It follows, then, that a compound declarative sentence may include all forms of the declarative sentence; one member may be simple, one complex and one compound, or the entire sentence may be made up of any combination of these varieties.

The study of the Compound Sentence, except one that begins with a negative statement, leads us into no new fields of delivery; for this reason no effort is made to illustrate all possible forms of the Compound Sentence. The examples which are given here are sufficient to guide the student to proper delivery of every form of Compound Sentence.

Examples.

1. The robe draws round him and the era is past.
   — *Choate.*

2. The conquering Latin was moved by his passions; his public speakers sacrificed grace to force, but gained in grandeur what they lost in polish. — *Lee.*

3. Send them your commissioners at once; sustain them with your energy; let them leave this evening, this very night; let them say to the wealthy class: "The aristocracy of Europe, succumbing to our influence, must pay our debt, or you must pay it; the people have only their blood; they lavish it." — *Danton*.

4. If the American spirit is to be depended upon, I call him to awake to see how his Americans have been disgraced; but I have no hope that things will be better hereafter. — *Randolph*.

In the first of the foregoing examples both members are simple; in the second, the first member is simple, the second member, complex; in the third, the first three members are simple, the fourth one is compound; in the fourth, the first member, the parts of which are introduced by correlative words expressed in one instance and understood in the other, is complex.

There is a form of the Compound Sentence composed of two complex members, the principal clause of the first member of which is a negative statement. The subordinate clause of the first member always begins with "for" or "because," expressed or understood, and gives a reason for the negative statement. The principal clause of the second member begins with "but" or "therefore," expressed or understood, and is an affirmative statement in opposition to the

principal clause of the first member. The subordinate clause of the second member begins with "for" or "because," expressed or understood, and gives a reason for the affirmative statement.

Examples.

1. Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. — *Bible.*

2. We are not trying to give an improper advantage to the poor man because he is poor; to the man of small means because he has not larger means, for that is not in accordance with the spirit of this government; but we are striving to see that the man of small means has exactly as good a chance, so far as we can obtain it for him, as the man of larger means — that there shall be equality of opportunity for the one as for the other, because that is the principle upon which our government is founded. — *Roosevelt.*

3. A college course does not insure success to any man, for success is not dependent upon education alone; but it does improve a man's chances for success, for it tends to fit him to take advantage of life's opportunities.

—*James B. Dill.*

The foregoing are the only examples of this kind of sentence in its complete form which we have been able to identify with their authors.

The value of this class of sentence lies in the emphasis that is obtained by the antithesis expressed in the two principal clauses. For this reason it is frequently used, but in an abbreviated form.

When a statement has been made, under ordinary circumstances the mind of listener or reader passes naturally to the reason for it. Hence the two principal clauses are most commonly used, the supplying of the subordinate clauses being left to the intelligence of the reader or listener. The antithetical clauses being thus brought more closely together, the emphasis which is the object of this form of sentence is the more marked.

Examples. (Antithetical members only.)

1. I confess this construction is not natural; but the ambiguity of the expression lays a good ground for the quarrel. — *Henry.*

2. We want not courage; (but) it is discipline alone in which we are exceeded by the most formidable troops that ever trod the earth. — *Hancock.*

3. I have no fear on this subject; (but) Congress must regulate so as to suit every state. — *Randolph.*

4. It can derive no advantage from such an event; but, on the contrary, it would lose an indis-

pensable support, a necessary aid in executing the laws and conveying the influence of the government to the doors of the people.
— *Hamilton.*

It occurs sometimes, but with less frequency, that the principal clause of the second member is followed by a subordinate clause.

Examples.

1. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. — *Bible.*

2. Let not the history of the illustrious House of Brunswick inform posterity that a king, descended from that glorious monarch, George II, once sent his British subjects to conquer and enslave his subjects in America; but be perpetual infamy entailed upon that villain who dared to advise his master to such execrable measures; for it was easy to foresee the consequences which so naturally followed upon sending troops into America to enforce obedience to acts of the British Parliament, which neither God nor man ever empowered them to make. — *Hancock.*

It frequently happens that an expression of the kind under discussion is not easily recognized, for the reason that incorrect punctuation has made it obscure. It is not the intention of the authors to take up the subject of punctuation; but, since obscuration in the manner mentioned is met so often, it is not impertinent to refer to it in this connection. The following example, notwithstanding the punctuation, is a compound sentence, containing three negative statements and one affirmative statement in opposition to them.

Example.

> I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts, may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this bank and shoal of time a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, for woman, and for child. — *Ingersoll.*

Correct punctuation would replace the first two periods with semicolons.

A large measure of the force of this passage is lost because the first two negative statements are not brought into direct opposition to the affirmative statement, although it relates to each one of the negative statements.

Rules for Delivery. — 1. When a member of a compound sentence is simple, it is delivered with the emphatic sweep up to and after the words upon which stress is placed, the bend at pauses of imperfect sense and the partial fall at the end; except that when it is the last member it terminates with the perfect fall.

2. When, however, the clauses are introduced by correlative words, expressed or understood, the stress occurs at equal or nearly equal intervals, and the consequent frequent and regular recurrence of the emphatic sweep produces in this member the perfect sweep. The bend occurs at pauses of imperfect sense and the sentence closes with the perfect fall.

3. When a member of a compound sentence is itself compound, it conforms to the rules for the delivery of the compound sentence; that is, it is delivered as is any compound sentence, each member terminating with the partial fall.

4. The first member of a compound sentence which begins with a negative statement is delivered with the perfect sweep and terminates with the partial fall when the negative statement is followed by a clause introduced by "for" or "because." When the negative statement is not followed by a cause clause, it terminates with the bend, notwithstanding the fact that it is an independent sentence. This is so because it is the first part of an antithesis, which is always delivered with the bend.

5. That part of the second member of such a sentence which contains an affirmative statement in

opposition to the negative of the first member, terminates with a fall, although it may be followed by a cause clause which would make of it a complex sentence. This is so because it is an antithesis, the second member of which is always delivered with a fall, partial or perfect.

Exception

There is an exception to the delivery of the declarative sentence. It occurs when the sentence ends with an expression which is in apposition with something which precedes it. In such case, the partial fall is given on the last word preceding the appositive.

Examples.

1. But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
   The badge of the suffering and the poor.
   — *Lowell.*

2. On it were inscribed the age and name of the deceased — George Somers, aged 26.
   — *Irving.*

3. On, on pressed these unfledged warriors — these men of civil life, these citizen soldiers.
   — *Prentiss.*

4. Now we know we have the gift of a century, a general, cool, sagacious, prudent, brave and humane. — *Prentiss.*

5. Full slyly smiled the observant page,
   And gave the withered hand of age

A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
The blood of Valez' scorched vine. — *Scott.*

When in any compound sentence a series of negative statements is followed by "no" or "nay," the "no" or "nay" terminates with the partial fall. This is equally true when "no" or "nay" follows a series of negative sentences. The reason for this is that the "no" or "nay" is an unusually emphatic summary of all the preceding statements; as such its delivery must conform to the rule for usual emphasis. (See Exception 2, page 53, Modulation.)

Examples.

1. Perhaps some who might wish well to the present establishment did coöperate; nay, I do not know but they were the first movers of that spirit; but it cannot be supposed that the spirit then raised should have grown up to such a ferment merely from a proposition which was honestly and fairly laid before the Parliament and left entirely to their determination! No! The spirit was, perhaps, begun by those who are truly friends to the illustrious family we have now upon the throne. — *Walpole.*

2. "Talk not to us," said the Governor General, "of their guilt or innocence, but as it suits the Company's credit! We will not try them by the Code of Justinian nor the Institutes of

Timur. We will not try them either by British laws or their local customs! No! We will try them by the Multiplication Table; we will find the guilty by the Rule of Three; and we will condemn them by the unerring rules of — Cocker's Arithmetic!"

— *Sheridan.*

CHAPTER V

THE APPLICATION OF VOCAL INFLECTION — (*Continued*)

The Interrogative Sentence

Definition. — An Interrogative Sentence is one which is used to ask a question.

For the sake of convenience in the discussion which follows, it is necessary to divide the grammatical Interrogative Sentence into five varieties, although such division is not recognized by grammarians. These varieties are: Definite, Indefinite, Indirect, Double-Interrogative and Semi-Interrogative, each of which may be simple, complex or compound.

THE DEFINITE INTERROGATIVE

Definition. — The Definite Interrogative always begins with a verb and can be answered by yes or no.

Examples.

Simple: —

1. Have they not arts? — *Boswell.*
2. Are you going to impose a foreign monarchy upon such a people? — *Castelar.*

3. These walls, these ivy-clad arcades,
   These moldering plinths, these sad and blackened shafts,
   These vague entablatures, this crumbling frieze,
   These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
   These stones, alas! these gray stones, are they all,
   All of the famed and the colossal left,
   By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?
   — *Poe.*

Complex: —

1. Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
   Because a wretched kern ye slew,
   Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
   — *Scott.*
2. May slighted woman turn,
   And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
   Bend lightly to his leaning trust again?
   — *N. P. Willis.*

3. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils? — *Clay.*

Compound: —

1. Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
   And grim, surly winter is here? — *Burns.*

2. Hast thou forgot me, then, and do I seem
   Now in thine eyes so foul? — *Milton.*

3. Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he
   Who first broke peace in Heaven and Faith, till then
   Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
   Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,
   Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
   And they, outcasts from God, are here condemned
   To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
   — *Milton.*

Rule for Delivery. — When a Definite Interrogative Sentence is short, it is delivered with the ascending slide throughout its entire length.

When the sentence is long, it begins with the ascending slide, adopts throughout the middle the inflections of the declarative sentence and ends with the ascending slide clearly defined.

A long Definite Interrogative is so delivered because the compass of the voice is not great enough to carry the ascending slide from the beginning to the end of the sentence. It ends with a marked ascending slide to draw attention to the fact that

a question is being asked. This is necessary because the voice in the middle part of the sentence adopts a declarative form of delivery, which, because of custom, prepares the mind of the listener for a declarative statement, from which it must be led into a condition to receive an interrogation. This is accomplished by the use of that inflection of the voice which is applicable only to interrogative sentences; namely, the ascending slide, which is accentuated in order to arrest the mind of the listener and draw especial attention to the interrogation.

When the sentence is compound, and so consists of more than one member, each member is delivered as is any independent interrogative. Each member after the first, however, is begun with the voice pitched slightly higher than it was at the *beginning* of the preceding member, and ends with the voice pitched slightly higher than at the *end* of the preceding member; and the last member is delivered with the ascending slide more pronounced than in any of the other members.

The object of this delivery is to gain the effect of the ascending slide. Since the sentence, because of its construction and because of the limited compass of the voice, cannot be delivered with a slide unbroken, each part is carried upward in the scale, the voice leading generally toward the highest point desired, until finally it reaches the object of the interrogation, or expresses fully the thought in the mind of the questioner.

Exception 1. — When a Definite Interrogative Sentence is repeated, the repetition *may* be delivered with the descending slide. This is *permissive, not obligatory*. The rendition of the repetition depends entirely upon the thought of the speaker and the method by which he is best able to impress his thought forcefully upon the intelligence of his hearers.

Examples.

1. Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles? Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles? — *Kipling.*

2. Has he maintained his own charges? Has he proved what he alleged? — *Webster.*

3. Mother, will you take me away, away from every one, at once, just as soon as possible? I never want to see this room, or this house, or Naples again. Will you come? Will you take me? — *Malet.*

4. "Is it possible you can forgive me for the miserable lies I have uttered?" asked John, almost unconscious of the words he was speaking. "Is it possible you can forgive me for uttering these lies, Dorothy?" he repeated. — *Major.*

Between the rendition of the first two sentences used here for illustrating the delivery of the repetition of a Definite Interrogative and the last two sentences, there is a difference which the student

should not fail to notice. In either of the first two sentences the repetition may be delivered with the descending slide throughout its entire length, or it may be delivered with the ascending slide throughout its entire length. The method of delivery, however, fixes the character of the question and the mental attitude of the speaker.

Delivered with the ascending slide the repetition has the effect of a question which simply seeks anxiously and persistently for an answer. Delivered with the Descending Slide the repetition becomes, in Illustration 1, an imperative demand for an immediate answer; in Illustration 2 it becomes a challenge and has the effect of a statement negative in character, denying the truth of the postulate which has given rise to the query.

When, therefore, the repetition of a Definite Interrogative is delivered with the descending slide, it becomes a challenge, a defiance, a demand, a threat or an expression of a similar character.

In the last two illustrations the repetitions cannot be delivered with the descending slide because there is, obviously, nothing imperative in their character. When, therefore, this intent is lacking in the repetition of a Definite Interrogative, it is delivered as is every simple Definite Interrogative — with the ascending slide.

Exception 2. — The last of a series of Definite Interrogatives may be delivered with the descending slide, but only when it makes a pronounced climax.

Examples.

1. *Shy.* Three thousand ducats — well.
   Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
   Shy. For three months — well.
   Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
   Shy. Antonio shall become bound — well.
   Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
   — *Shakespeare.*

2. Could he be sure that he never had flinched? nor even hung back for a foot or so? nor pushed any other man on the spikes to save himself from going there? and was that accursed fortress never to be taken by any skill or strength? was even Lord Wellington wrong for once in setting them to do it?
   — *Blackmore.*

3. I desired Titus, and with him I sent a brother. Did Titus make a gain of you? Walked we not in the same spirit? Walked we not in the same steps? — *Bible.*

Exception 3. — When a Definite Interrogative contains alternative expressions, or when two definite interrogatives stand in antithesis to each other, the first of either is delivered according to the law governing definite interrogatives; the second, according to the law governing indefinite interrogatives. (See page 82, Rule for Delivery of Indefinite Interrogatives.)

Examples.

1. Did the Constitution allow you the choice of ministers for our welfare, or our ruin?
— *Vergniaud.*

2. Is it for or against them that this Revolution is made? — *Gensonne.*

3. Is it that some new information may be requisite to finish a system thus honorably begun, or is the right honorable gentleman's youth the only account which can be given of that strange precipitancy and anxiety which he betrays on this occasion? — *Fox.*

4. Will secret influence draw along with it that affection and cordiality from all ranks, without which the movements of Governments must be absolutely at a stand, or is he weak and violent enough to imagine that his Majesty's mere nomination will, singly, weigh against the constitutional influence of all these considerations? — *Fox.*

THE INDEFINITE INTERROGATIVE

Indefinite Interrogative Sentences begin with adverbs or relative pronouns and cannot be answered by "yes" or "no."

Examples.

Simple: —

1. Who is this king of glory? — *Bible.*

2. What is there of proof to fill this demand, this faith of the noble-minded in the imperishability, the eternity of his works? — *Fichte.*

3. How long could you maintain that Indian barrier and restrain the onward march of civilization, Christianity and free government by a barbarian wall? — *Douglas.*

Complex: —

1. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon the attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? — *Benjamin.*

2. Where is brave McKee, impetuous Yell, intrepid Hardin, chivalrous Clay and gallant Watson, with hundreds of their noble comrades, whom we meet not here? — *S. S. Prentiss.*

3. Who could have imagined that a machine so complicated, so vast, so new, so untried as this confederated system of republican states, should be exempt from the common lot of states which have figured in the history of the world? — *Seward.*

Compound: —

1. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; and who shall stand in His holy place? — *Bible.*

2. What strange despotism menaces us, and what kind of government is it proposed to give to France? — *Gensonne.*

3. What, then, is this new plot formed against the liberty of our country, and to what limit shall we suffer our enemies to weary us with their maneuvers and insult us with their hopes? — *Gaudet.*

Rule for Delivery. — When the sentence is short it is delivered with the descending slide throughout its entire length.

When it is too long for this delivery it begins with the descending slide, adopts the inflections of the declarative sentence through the middle, and ends with the descending slide clearly defined.

When the sentence is compound each member is delivered as is any independent interrogative sentence. Each member after the first is begun with the voice pitched slightly lower in the scale than it was at the *beginning* of the preceding member, and is ended with the voice pitched slightly lower in the scale than at the *end* of the preceding member; and the last member is delivered with the descending slide more pronounced than it is in any of the other members.

The reason for this is the same as the reason given for the rule affecting the definite interrogative, except that for "ascending slide" must be read "descending slide."

Exception. — When an Indefinite Interrogative has an exclamatory sense, or when its emotional content is exceptionally strong, it is delivered with the perfect sweep.

Examples.

1. What imports the contemptible person of the last of the kings? — *Robespierre.*
2. Who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? — *Webster.*
3. Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security and public prosperity? — *Webster.*

The reason for this delivery is that the introduction of emotion which produces the exclamatory feature in the Indefinite Interrogative, increases the number of words which receive stress. The expression of strong emotion runs in waves which are equally, or nearly equally, separated. Hence the stress is placed on words which are about equally distant one from the other. The perfect sweep in the delivery of such sentences follows naturally.

THE INDIRECT INTERROGATIVE

Definition. — An Indirect Interrogative Sentence is one which, although declarative in form, evidently

asks a question. When written it can be known as a question only from the context in which it is found, or when taken out of its context by the punctuation with which some authority has pointed it.

Examples.

1. You threaten us? — *Browning.*
2. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting? — *Shakespeare.*
3. You imagine that she entertains a most tender and profound regard for both of us?

— *Augusta Evans Wilson.*

In Example 2 the stress falls on "pay," "shillings," "won" and "betting." In Example 3 the stress falls on "imagine," "entertain," "tender," "profound" and "both."

It is apparent that here the stress occurs at equal or nearly equal intervals. This condition exists in all Indirect Interrogative Sentences. Therefore, the

Rule for Delivery. — The Indirect Interrogative Sentence is delivered with the perfect sweep.

THE SEMI-INTERROGATIVE

A *Semi-Interrogative Sentence* is one which contains one or more declarative clauses and one or more interrogative clauses, the latter suggesting, if not seeking, an answer.

Examples.

1. Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? — *Sterne.*

2. I had made strong proof of my constancy,
   Giving myself a voluntary wound
   Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
   And not my husband's secrets? — *Shakespeare.*

3. If Gilbert Clennam, reduced to imbecility, at the point of death, and laboring under the delusion of some imaginary relenting toward a girl, of whom he had heard that his nephew had once had a fancy for her, which he had crushed out of him, and that she afterward dropped away into melancholy and withdrawal from all who knew her — if, in that state of weakness, he dictated to me, whose life she had darkened with her sin, and who had been appointed to know her sin from her own hand and her own lips, a bequest meant as a recompense to her for supposed unmerited suffering; was there no difference between my spurning that injustice and coveting mere money — a thing which you and your comrades in the prisons may steal from any one? — *Dickens.*

Rule for Delivery. — When the declarative part of a Semi-Interrogative Sentence precedes the interrogative part and, with it, makes a complex sentence, the former is delivered with the bend at its termination and with the intermediate inflections of the class of sentences to which it belongs. The interrogative part takes the slide of the class to which it belongs.

If the declarative part makes, with the inter-

rogative part, a compound sentence, the former takes the fall at its end, with the intermediate inflections of the class of sentences to which it belongs. The interrogative part takes the slide of the class to which it belongs.

SEMI-INTERROGATIVES IN FORM ONLY

There is a form of sentence which is called Semi-Interrogative, but which cannot be admitted into that class under the definition of an interrogative sentence, since it neither seeks nor suggests an answer. This form of sentence simply declares that a question was or might be asked, and repeats the question.

Examples.

1. And thou may'st not
   Exclaim, How, then! was Scylla quite forgot?
   — *Keats.*

2. When our fathers stood in London, under the corporation charter of Charles, the question was, "Have we a right to move to Massachusetts?" — *Wendell Phillips.*

3. Our Normans and our Gascons would have been well content to finish the crusade here: they would willingly have said, like the little children of whom Guibert speaks — "Is not this Jerusalem?" — *Michelet.*

Rule for Delivery. — Although the sentences of which these are examples are not Semi-Interrogatives,

they have the form of the Semi-Interrogative and are delivered as such.

DECLARATIVE FOLLOWING INTERROGATIVE

Examples.

1. "Is there anything else to do?" asks one of these butchers in the deserted court. — *Taine.*
2. "What do you think of it, Helen?" he demanded, almost harshly. — *Malet.*
3. "Doth this man lie, sire?" said Warwick, who had seated himself a moment, and who now rose again. — *Lytton.*

Rule for Delivery. — Where the declarative part follows the interrogative part, the entire expression is delivered with the slide of the simple interrogative, or else each part has a slide of its own.

DECLARATIVE INTERPOLATED

Examples.

1. "Will the convention," said the Royalist orators, "never be satisfied?" — *Alison.*
2. "Will our generals," he inquired, "never get that idea out of their heads?" — *Schouler.*
3. "How, suppose you," I asked, addressing Dorothy's back, as if I were seeking information, "how, suppose you, the Rutland people learned that John was confined in the Haddon dungeon, and how did they come by the keys?" — *Major.*

Rule for Delivery. — When the declarative part of a Semi-Interrogative Sentence is interpolated in the question, the interpolation is delivered as though it were a parenthesis.

A parenthesis is an explanatory or qualifying clause or sentence inserted in a sentence grammatically complete without it. It is delivered in a slightly lower pitch and at a more rapid rate than the rest of the sentence.

Exclamatory Sentences

Definition. — An Exclamatory Sentence is one which expresses sudden, violent or any extraordinary emotion. It may be declarative, interrogative or imperative in intent.

Examples.

1. Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!

   — *Shakespeare.*

2. But what of the legislative assembly? The legislative assembly? — *Louvet.*

3. She is mine, she is mine! The loveliest creature ever seen is mine! — *Blackmore.*

4. Do your worst,
   Blow your pipe there till you burst!

   — *Browning.*

Rule for Delivery. — Since the exclamatory sentence is either declarative, interrogative or imperative in intent, it is delivered in accordance with the

law governing the class of sentences to which it belongs.

SHORT EXCLAMATIONS

Many short exclamations such as Ho! Hail! Hello! O! Pish! Bah! Pshaw! Hurrah! Heigho! Ah! La! Tush! Aha! Eh! Oh! Ha! Alas! Fie! Hi! Well! Pray! Now! How! Hey! What! Why! Ay! standing at the beginning of a sentence or a clause are used simply as a keynote to the pitch of the sentence or clause; that is, the pitch of the sentence or clause following the interjection which introduces it is the same as that of the interjection. When the interjection has no definable meaning the speaker gives to it by his method of delivery such meaning as he intends to convey to his audience.

Examples.

1. Ay me! what perils do environ the man who meddles with cold iron. —*Butler.*

2. Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
— *Young.*

3. Oh! the roast beef of Old England!
And oh! the old English roast beef!
— *Fielding.*

4. Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer — man a flower —
He dies — alas! how soon he dies! —*Johnson.*

5. Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
   Ah, fields beloved in vain!
   Where once my careless childhood strayed,
   A stranger yet to pain! — *Gray.*

6. O Music! sphere-descended maid,
   Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid! — *Collins.*

7. O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree!
   — *Goldsmith.*

8. O Liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! — *Madame Roland.*

The Imperative Sentence

The Imperative Sentence is one which is used to utter a command or an entreaty.

Examples.

1. Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
   Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!
   — *Homer.*

2. Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
   And let the man who calleth be the caller;
   And in his calling let him nothing call
   But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods! — *Carey.*

3. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
   The innumerable caravan, which moves
   To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
   His chamber in the silent halls of death,
   Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
— *Bryant.*

Rule for Delivery. — The Imperative Sentence is a declarative sentence. It is, therefore, delivered according to the class of declaratives to which it belongs.

IMPERATIVE EXCLAMATIONS

Many exclamations, such as Halt! Behold! Lo! Hold! Shame! Look! Hush! Hist! Avaunt! Away! Farewell! Fie! Come! Pray! are imperative and are complete sentences; not according to structure, but in that they convey adequately the complete expression of the thought in the mind of the speaker. Inasmuch as not all the grammatical parts of the sentence are expressed, the usual intermediate inflections cannot occur. The word is, therefore, delivered with the perfect fall.

CHAPTER VI

EMPHASIS

Values of Vocal Properties

Emphasis is anything that attracts attention to a thought to the exclusion of another thought which is contiguous.

Emphasis may be occasioned by the voice, the gestures, the facial expression or the pose of a speaker, and may also be the result of circumstances or actions entirely extraneous to the speaker and removed from his person or personality. When a circumstance, an action or an occurrence impinges upon an occasion or a thought with a force more than normal, and thus creates an impression on the mind of an auditor or a witness which is out of the ordinary, it attracts attention to whatever is said or done at that time, and, therefore, makes emphatic the expression or occurrence or occasion. A few illustrations may serve to emphasize, as well as to exemplify, the general definition.

Lorenzo Dow was an itinerant preacher in New England more than a century ago. On one occasion he went to a town to preach and did not find so large an audience as he expected. In the presence

of such people as had gathered he walked out of the church. Waiting until they had all followed him, Mr. Dow, placing his hands on the ground, galloped on all fours around the edifice. When he had finished the circuit he resumed his natural position and announced, "I will preach in this church six months from to-day." It is related that on his next visit the church was so thronged before he arrived that he found difficulty in making his way to the pulpit. His peculiar action had emphasized his announcement, and the people, impressed by it, had told their neighbors, and hundreds gathered in the church to listen to the eccentric preacher.

Another illustration: About fifteen or twenty years ago the comic papers conducted a campaign against the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, next to Henry Ward Beecher Brooklyn's most famous preacher. They pictured him in all the uncouth attitudes and awkward gestures which made Dr. Talmage remembered by those who listened to him. The writer asked Dr. Talmage why he did not sue these papers for libel.

"Sue them!" said the Doctor, "I would rather pay them to continue their vituperation. My mission is to preach the Gospel. What they say and do only emphasize the fact that I am a preacher, and so people come to hear me if they are near enough; if they are not, they read my sermons, which are sent to all the leading papers in the United States every week. They want to know what this man says, who is

caricatured so, and I get an audience which, without such help, I could never hope to speak to. Thousands read what I say where hundreds would neither come to hear me nor read my sermons. I am not a theologian, but a preacher; and anything that will lend emphasis to my preaching is welcomed by me. The comic papers attract attention to me and my words, and, as a consequence, to the Gospel that I preach. I won't sue them."

An incident which emphasized an occasion, and not an utterance, follows: —

In the spring of 1896 the opera "William Tell" was sung in the Metropolitan Opera House with Tamagno as the star. In the forest scene of the second act in the aria "Sombres Forêts," Lybia Drog lost her head completely and Mancinelli signaled to the orchestra to cease playing. There was an animated colloquy between the leader and the singer, and at last the latter walked off the stage.

During almost all of this conversation a deep hush encompassed the vast audience, and a wave of sympathy with Mlle. Drog thrilled through the hushed house from orchestra to gallery. She was new to this country, and although her reputation was wide and high on the other side of the water, she had her way still to make here. Everybody wished success for her on this occasion, which was nearly, if not quite, her first appearance in America. Just before Mlle. Drog and the leader finished their conversation, the audience began to offer encouragement by clap-

ping their hands. When Mlle. Drog started to leave the stage, however, the climax occurred.

The audience began to cheer. The sounds of men's voices broke the silence first in isolated spots, but in an instant, almost, all the people were caught in an outburst of enthusiastic expression of sympathy, and cheer after cheer from the throats of men and women alike rolled in tumultuous waves from the floor to the roof of the magnificent amphitheater. People rose and waved hands and handkerchiefs as they shouted. It was as though, in an ecstasy, the people were calling to the humiliated artist: —

"Do not despond nor feel ashamed! You can do it! We know you can do it! So far your performance was good, and we appreciate your effort! Take with you, as you retire from a difficult and embarrassing situation, this expression of our heartiest sympathy! We have no thought of blame!"

For some minutes after Mlle. Drog had disappeared, the thunders of applause continued, and when at last the shouts diminished and finally ceased, every face of the thousands present bore indications of the tense feeling engendered by the singer's embarrassment and the strong impression it had made upon the witnesses to it.

These stories, which might be multiplied, illustrate one thing: incidents and personal peculiarities attract unusual attention to the words and the thought of the speaker. That is emphasis.

Emphasis, however, in the sense in which it is used in connection with the subject of this book, is any means by which the attention of an audience is so concentrated upon a word, a phrase, a clause, a sentence or an entire speech, that an unusually strong impression is made upon the minds of the hearers.

A speaker attracts attention to his thought by some expression of his face, by some attitude of his body, by a gesture, or by some particular property of speech, such as the quality of his voice, the rate at which he speaks, the pitch of his voice or its force.

When a speaker is reproducing the words and expressing the sentiments of another, his tone is, necessarily, artificial. The same is true when he is delivering a speech he has previously prepared. This is because he is conveying his idea of thoughts or emotions conceived or felt prior to the time of his utterance. When the delivery is simultaneous with the conception, the tone is natural and is the product of the emotion experienced. When it takes place later it is voluntary, but aims at an imitation of the natural or involuntary tone used in the expression of the thought or emotion which is being portrayed.

In the discussion of Emphasis the quality of the voice will be taken up first.

The Normal Quality (page 25) is, as its name implies, the accustomed sound of the voice. Since it is normal, or ordinary, it attracts no special attention to itself, to the speaker or to his thought. The

thought must, therefore, acquire emphasis, if emphasis be sought, from some other source.

The incident related of Mr. Dow serves to illustrate this. The attention of the people was attracted by his eccentric action. When he stood before them, after having finished the circuit of the church, all waited to hear what a man who would act so oddly had to say. They listened and were in a mental condition to receive and remember his words — not simply to hear them. Mr. Dow's announcement was made in the normal tone, and gained emphasis from his act, not from the quality of the tone used.

It is well here to caution the student not to perform an act so that it will merely divide the attention of the audience between the act and the utterance. The object of an act is to direct the attention of the audience to the utterance, not to the act itself. Take the incident related of the opera singer. The relator remembers vividly the occasion, because of the singer's failure, but he retains no impression of the music of the performance. If, however, the singer had recovered and sung her part well, her singing would never be forgotten. Under such a condition her failure would have given emphasis to the singing which followed.

It is clear that the failure of the singer made an occasion emphatic, but that it lent no emphasis to the opera itself. A speaker or reader wishes to emphasize, not the occasion, but his words. Therefore, he must either accompany or follow his emphatic act

with something which in itself contains material worthy of remembrance.

Any tone that is other than normal is emphatic, because anything that is out of the normal attracts attention.

Emphasis by the Orotund.

> The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him. (See page 25.)

This thought is in itself emphatic. Its emphatic feature is grandeur. The vocal means for expressing grandeur is a certain quality of the voice; namely, the full, round, rich tone which is called Orotund. There are, of course, various means which might be adopted to attract particular attention to this thought and so render it peculiarly impressive, or emphatic.

These will be treated in their proper places; but the emphasis which attracts attention to the grandeur of this thought, without which all other emphasis must fail, is the use of the Orotund Quality of the voice.

Emphasis by the Guttural.

> *Shy.* To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes?

> hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
>
> — *Shakespeare.*

This passage is emphatic because into it the speaker is injecting accumulated hatred and desire for revenge upon the foes of his race — passions engendered by centuries of persecution, and which are now concentrated into one person who sees an opportunity for retaliating upon a representative of the people who has treated his fathers and himself evilly.

In the rendition of this passage, attention is attracted to these passions chiefly by the quality of voice used. Shylock's passion was so strong that it progressed into a rage, which contracted the muscles of his throat. It became, therefore, physically impossible for him to utter a pure tone. The result was what has been described as guttural tone, which

was used involuntarily by Shylock, and so is put forth voluntarily by one who reproduces Shylock's words and counterfeits his emotions.

What is true of the Orotund and of the Guttural is true also of all the other qualities of the voice, each in its own particular class. Each attracts by its employment special attention to the emotion which originally brought it into conventional use.

The line of reasoning by which it appears that the different qualities of the voice are used to produce emphasis, applies also to Force, Pitch, and Rate, the other cardinal properties of the voice. Each is a means by which special attention is called to a thought or an emotion, and each has its particular province in emphasizing that sentiment which, having produced it, cannot be separated from it.

Take the example on page 33, Modulation.

> Hush! silence along the lines there! Silence along the lines there! Not a word — not a word on the peril of your lives! — *Lippard.*

The emphasis of this utterance is dependent upon nothing else than the force with which it is uttered.

It sometimes happens, however, that two or more of the cardinal properties of the voice unite to give emphasis to a passage. Take the passage on page 36, Modulation.

> Oh! show me where is He,
> The high and holy One,
> To whom thou bend'st the knee,

And pray'st, — "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise
And, lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire,
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity! Behold! my God is there;
The sun, the moon, the stars, His majesty declare.

— *Hugo Hutton.*

In the first stanza of this example the Orotund Quality expresses reverence; the slow rate expresses solemnity. In the second stanza we have Orotund Quality united with Energetic Force to express sublimity.

Other methods of producing emphasis by the use of the voice are: *Stress* and *Antithesis.*

Stress is unusual force placed upon a single word in a sentence for the purpose of attracting particular attention to that word. When unusual force is placed

upon a word, the pitch rises. See definition of First and Second Sweeps, page 48.

Many writers on elocution confuse the terms *stress* and *emphasis*, using them as though they were interchangeable. *Emphasis*, as has already been pointed out in this chapter, is a general term employed to indicate any means of attracting attention to a given point; *stress* is only one means.

There are no laws governing the selection of words upon which stress shall be placed. Where it shall fall in a sentence depends altogether upon the thought of the speaker. There are, however, a few expressions in which the stress has been fixed by usage. This is called Conventional Stress. Some of these expressions are: and *so* forth; and *so* on; from year to *year;* from house to *house;* from time to *time.*

In the first two examples, reason dictates that the stress should fall upon the last word; convention, or use, has placed it on the second word, and established it there so firmly that were one to place it where it really belongs, the expression would have a strange sound. In the others, stress should fall upon the third word, but custom has placed it on the last word.

Deferred Stress

In sentences which contain a series of words the stress is placed upon the last one only. This is called *Deferred Stress.*

This law of elocution has grown out of the prac-

tice which writers and speakers have cultivated of so arranging a series that the most important word stands last, and would, because of its importance, receive the stress naturally; but there are many instances in which a series of words, all of which are equal in value, is used, and there is no apparent reason why one or the other should receive the stress. Custom, however, still defers the stress to the last.

The same is true where an entire phrase is emphatic. It is impossible to place stress upon each word, so custom has decreed that the stress shall be deferred to the last.

Examples.

1. This much has been already gained. This harvest of glory is secure, ripe, reaped, garnered, *hid* in the sacred treasure of the past. Oh, for a prophet's eye to look into the future! If it be the destiny of America to administer with fidelity, wisdom and *success*, her free institutions, and, especially, that union which is the great security of all the rest, and to spread them over the whole continent — filling it with a numerous, enlightened, industrious, moral, and *contented* people — one in name, one in government, one in *power* — and thus realizing the prophetic vision of Berkeley, to build up here an empire the last and *noblest* offspring of Time, — this whole accumulated greatness will constantly tend to

exalt higher and *higher* in the estimation of mankind him who will forever be deemed the founder of it all. — *Gray.*

When nothing intervenes between the series and the predicate, the last member of the series, for the sake of increasing the climacteric effect, is delivered with the partial fall.

2. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor *neglect*, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. — *Macaulay.*

3. Simple as the language of a *child*, it charms the most fastidious *taste*. Mournful as the voice of *grief*, it reaches to the highest pitch of *exultation*. Intelligible to the unlearned *peasant*, it supplies the critic and the sage with food for earnest *thought*. Silent and secret as the reproofs of *conscience*, it echoes beneath the vaulted dome of the cathedral and shakes the trembling *multitude*. — *Ellis.*

Example 2 illustrates antithesis. The first half of each sentence is in contrast with the second half of each sentence. Each half, therefore, is emphatic as a whole. It is manifestly impossible to place stress upon each word, so the stress is deferred to the last word of each half, although those words are not in contrast with each other. "Child," for example, is

not in contrast with the word "taste," nor is "peasant" in contrast with "thought"; but vocally, the antithesis is brought out by placing the stress upon each of these words.

The Emphatic Pause

A Pause is a suspension of the sound of the voice for the purpose of indicating the grammatical structure or the rhetorical sense of a sentence. It is also used sometimes to attract attention to a word or to an expression. When so used it is called the *Emphatic Pause.* The Emphatic Pause may occur at the same place as the grammatical or rhetorical pause. In such case it is simply a prolongation of the grammatical or rhetorical pause. It may occur also where no grammatical or rhetorical pause would be permitted.

The Emphatic Pause may either precede or follow the word to which the speaker or reader desires to attract particular attention. When it precedes the emphatic word or expression it attracts attention to the reader or speaker, and so opens the mind of the listeners to what is said immediately afterward. When it follows the emphatic word or expression, it interrupts the movement of the thought and throws the mind of the listeners back upon what has just been said.

Examples.

1. I shall enter upon no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is.

Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain — forever.

— *Webster.*

2. "Whatever thou wert or art to me, Sah-luma," he murmured in sobbing haste, — "Thou knowest that I loved thee, though now I leave thee! Farewell!" And his voice broke in its strong agony. "O how much easier to divide body from soul than part myself from thee! Sah-luma, beloved Sah-luma! God give thee — rest! God pardon thy sins, — and mine!" — *Corelli.*

3. Conscript Fathers! I do not rise to waste the night in words.
Let that plebeian talk. 'Tis not my trade.
But here I stand for right — let him show proofs. — *Croly.*

In the first two of these examples the pause occurs before the words to which attention is to be attracted; in the last example it occurs after the emphatic expression, for the sake of concentrating attention upon what has been said.

Antithesis

Antithesis is a figure of speech in which words, phrases or sentiments are contrasted.

Antithesis is one of the commonest and most valuable kinds of emphasis. There is only one means of expressing it vocally, and that is by opposed inflections.

Example.

> *Talent* is *something*, but *tact* is *everything*. *Talent* is serious, sober, grave and *respectable*; tact is *all* that, and more *too*. It is not a *sixth* sense, but it is the life of all the *five*. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in *solitude*, for it shows a man his way *into* the world; it is useful in *society*, for it shows him his way *through* the world. *Talent* is *power*, *tact* is *skill*; *talent* is *weight*, *tact* is *momentum*; *talent* knows *what* to do, *tact* knows *how to do it*; *talent* makes a man *respectable*, *tact* will make him *respected*; *talent* is *wealth*, *tact* is ready *money*. — *London Atlas.*

CHAPTER VII

PRACTICE

The object of this chapter is to present to the student an opportunity for putting into practice what he has learned from previous chapters about the use of the voice in its properties, qualities, modulations, and inflections. It is trite to say that there can be no adequate degree of facility without extensive practice, but practice, daily and careful as well as intelligent, cannot be too strongly urged.

There are two schools of elocution, each opposed to the other. One teaches that the pupil should be trained in the use of the voice in all its modifications by mere vocal exercises, as with scales, without the association of any attendant thought. It is similar to the method of developing the voice for singing.

The other school teaches the development of the thought value of a passage independent of any technical skill in the use of the voice. It holds that when the thought is appreciated the appropriate mode of giving vocal expression to it will follow naturally and as a matter of course. For example, this school teaches that rate is a mere mechanical property, the various degrees of which everybody can apply appropriately at will, and that no practice is necessary to

a facility in its use. This method, taken alone, leads to loose and inaccurate delivery.

It is true that there are persons in whom the art of elocution is innate to so marked a degree that a full appreciation of a sentiment is followed by a vocal delivery which is more nearly accurate than would be produced by another person by whom the art has not been cultivated; but even such persons require much practice before they can arrive at such a degree of proficiency that their delivery can be called excellent, and it is not safe to assume that any student can be counted among their number.

While neither method used alone can accomplish the object for which the student of this subject is striving, an intelligent combination of both can bring about the desired result. Mere vocal exercises demand little application of intelligence, but for their practice a well-trained ear is absolutely necessary. The ear of the pupil, obviously, has not been trained to a point of proficiency, but that of the teacher, constructively, has. The mind, in its appreciation of a passage to be rendered, and the voice, in the audible application of the laws noted in previous chapters, must both be brought into play at the same time. Carefully selected examples of literature, in which the thought is apparent and the emotion obvious, require that the mind shall be satisfied, and the effort to meet this requirement assists the ear in criticising vocal delivery.

Careful daily practice of such examples, accom-

panied by persistent and intelligent criticism of the vocal efforts put forth, will improve the quality of the voice and cause it to respond readily to the mind's appreciation of a thought or a sentiment. It will increase the power of the voice and develop agility in passing from one degree of force or rate to another, will enlarge its compass and make bend, falls, sweeps, and slides, graceful, easy movements of tone, thus robbing the delivery of monotony.

Every student who has reached the grade of a high school is familiar with both the emotional and thought content of the examples placed in this chapter, and that is the reason why they have been selected for use here. A good teacher must be helpful to the student who desires to get the most good from the practice of these examples, but a teacher is not an absolute necessity. Practice without assistance, is, of course, slower and more arduous than practice under the guidance of a trained mind and voice; but the same result can be accomplished without a teacher as with one, if the student be earnest, assiduous and intelligent.

Let the student first go over carefully the passage to be delivered, analyzing it according to its grammatical construction, studying every word and phrase, until he grasps fully the meaning of each sentence, and has a thorough conception of the thought and emotion contained in it. Let him then determine to compel his voice to respond expressively to the conception of his mind, and in the manner best calcu-

lated to bring out the full value of the thought and emotion of the passage. Each effort to accomplish this should be carefully analyzed to ascertain whether or not the quality of the voice has been appropriate and has been good of its kind, and if the force, pitch and rate are in consonance with the thought and feeling which he desires to express vocally. Complete success will not come immediately, but patience and persistence are indispensable factors in developing the voice. Every conscientious effort is certain to result in material progress.

It is most important that the voice shall be developed in its normal quality, because that quality being the accustomed tone, the tone most used in ordinary intercourse, is the foundation upon which all the other qualities are built. A perfect normal quality is full, clear and resonant. Care should be taken in aiming at fullness not to become orotund; in aiming at resonance, not to become strident, because noise is not resonance; and in aiming at clearness, not to become shrill.

The mistake should not be made of thinking that the normal tone is anything less than the whole of the voice, even though it be not exercised in its greatest volume. In the employment of subdued force, associated with the normal tone, the common error, among young people particularly, of making the voice thin and thus robbing it of resonance, should be carefully avoided. It is detrimental to the development of the voice, and the sound thus produced is not pleasant.

The Normal Tone

The example given below has been selected because the tone to be used in its delivery is normal in quality from the beginning of the passage to the end, and it is well in early practice to select examples which do not demand changes of quality in their rendition.

The pupil should be careful that his mouth is well opened, that articulation is distinct, that the groups of words spoken together are of proper length for breathing and in accord with the thought, and that the lungs are sufficiently charged with air, so that the tone can be well sustained. An example should be read several times daily until the pupil is satisfied with the development of the quality.

THE VOYAGE

(Selection from Washington Irving)

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but

then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing, or climb to the maintop on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle, undulating billows rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols — shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to join the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought

the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother pored over the daily news to catch some

casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs, that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her.

She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed, shrieking, by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent — we never heard nor saw anything of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the masthead. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming of everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants around the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds,— all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grassplots. I saw the moldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill: all were characteristic of England.

Practice in use of the Normal Quality each day, and several times a day, should not be neglected, because it, more than any other quality, tends to develop the full tone of the voice. The student will find that practice in the Orotund, also, will have a beneficial effect even upon the normal quality of the voice.

There are many subtle changes of tone between the normal and the orotund, and it must be obvious that not all of these can be mentioned. The orotund is used to express an idea of grandeur, sublimity, devotion, and of bold, grand or lofty thought. But even in each of these there are so many gradations that not all can be treated, nor even mentioned. The orotund, being a sustained tone, should be continuous in its sounding; there should be no interruptions by the intervention of another tone, and

practically the same fullness of tone should be maintained from the beginning of a passage which calls for the orotund to its close.

In the first of the following examples the idea of sublimity is coupled with that of solemnity. The idea, therefore, finds expression in orotund quality and low pitch. However, it must not be thought, because low pitch is sustained, that the entire selection is delivered in a monotone. There are variations of the tone in low pitch which, though unaccounted for by nomenclature, exist nevertheless, and are recognized by the attentive ear. These variations permit a rise and fall which, though scarcely describable, are still observable, and through them the voice travels to the full expression of all the variations of the sentiment which is expressed in the selection.

SELECTION FROM THANATOPSIS

William Cullen Bryant

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful of the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,

The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
  So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Orotund

In the following selection the first paragraph is presented so that the student shall obtain an appreciation of the sentiment contained in the second paragraph. The first is delivered in the normal tone; the second requires the use of the orotund, and is the one intended for practice. The paragraph expresses a bold, lofty thought. It is an excellent example for practice, not only of the orotund, but of a pitch which is, at times, above the normal; of a force which varies from below the normal to the energetic, and of a rate which fluctuates from the slow to the rapid and back again to the slow.

Among all the examples of oratory which exist in the English language, it is difficult, if not impossible, to find another which is so valuable for practice as

this oration of Ingersoll's. Practically all the salient variations of force, pitch and rate are in it exemplified, and all are well graded. It should be studied attentively, and a full appreciation obtained of the sentiment expressed in each sentence before any attempt is made to read it aloud.

SELECTION FOR PRACTICE

R. G. Ingersoll

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation — the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in the quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavor-

ing with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms, standing in the sunlight, sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves; she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all, as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the glory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Other examples which are valuable for practice in this connection are: Kipling's "Recessional," Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean," Coleridge's "Mont Blanc," Tell's "Apostrophe to Liberty," by Sheridan Knowles, extract from Patrick Henry's speech, beginning "It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter" to the end, and Psalm CIV.

The Guttural

The Guttural is associated with the expression of the baser passions, and for that reason is not often called for in the practice of speaking and reading. It generally goes with outbursts of strong passion, which are not durable. It should not be practiced more than enough to acquire facility in use, because as a consequence of the constriction of the thoracic muscles the throat is rasped and becomes inflamed, and hoarseness ensues. It is necessary, however, to practice the Guttural for the purpose of acquiring facility in the use of all the properties of the voice.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

1. Thou drinker of lees, feeder upon husks! To think I could love thee, having seen Masala! Such as thou were born to serve him. He would have been satisfied with release of the six talents; but I say to the six thou shalt add twenty — twenty, dost thou hear? The kissing of my little finger which thou hast taken from him, though with my consent

shall be paid for; and that I have followed thee with affectation of sympathy, and endured thee so long, enter into the account not less because I was serving him. The merchant here is thy keeper of moneys. If by to-morrow at noon he has not thy order acted upon in favor of my Mesala for six-and-twenty talents — mark the sum! — thou shalt settle with the Lord Sejanus. Be wise and — farewell.

— *Lew Wallace.*

2. God's wrath upon the Saxon; may they never know the pride
Of dying on the battlefield, their broken spear beside;
When victory guilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
May every light from cross of Christ that saves the heart of man,
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
For sure, O God, and you know all? whose thought for all sufficed,
To expiate these Saxon sins, they'd want another Christ.

Is it thus, O Shaun, the haughty! Shaun, the valiant, that we meet?
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?

Have I no chief, or you no clan, to give us both defense?
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkill,
Whose warrior words fenced 'round with spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it your tongue,
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon court among.

Just think, O Shaun! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsman to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-ax, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.
Thy face is paler than the moon, my heart is paler still —
My heart? I had no heart — 'twas yours! to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, chief — your life, your soul, your pride —
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun — with proud O'Neill it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud and keen as Spanish steel;
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's chief — O'Neill?

Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone, as chief had never done?
He was "turbulent" with traitors — he was "haughty" with the foe —
He was "cruel," say ye Saxons! Ah, he dealt ye blow for blow!

He was "rough" and "wild," and who's not wild to see his hearthstone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!
He was "proud"! yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray,
He was wild, insane for vengeance—aye! and preached it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!"—ye saints, he makes no breath—
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death:
Art truly dead and cold? O chief, art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear—dost hear? By Randolf led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout!
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the fair!

I'll speed me Ulster-wards, your ghost must wander there, proud Shaun,
In search of some O'Neill through whom to throb its hate again. — *Savage.*

3. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives, —
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis time. — Look here, Iago!
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven;
'Tis gone. —
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate: swell, bosom, with thy fraught;
For 'tis of Aspicks' tongues. — *Shakespeare.*

See also other examples of the use of the Guttural given in the chapter on Modulation.

The Whisper

Much practice is necessary to utter a pure whisper so that it can be heard at a considerable distance. It requires extreme care in articulation, and some exaggeration, also. The throat should not be opened too freely, because under such circumstance a mere breath is emitted; and there should be a slight closure of the vocal organs above the vocal cords.

In the following selection only the Jew, of course, whispered.

SELECTION FROM DICKENS

1. "Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here! Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him toward him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him toward the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I have gone to sleep — they'll believe you. You can get me out if you take me so. Now then, now then!"

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew. "That'll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble, as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now!"

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turnkey.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position —"

"Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on," cried the Jew. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation for an instant; and then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

It was some time before they left the prison. Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak that for an hour or more he had not the strength to walk.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarreling, and joking. Everything told of life and animation but one dark cluster of objects in the very center of all — the black stage, the crossbeam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

The following selection is for the conventional whisper, which is really a semi-tone. In the practice of it care should be exercised not to produce too much tone, since so doing will obscure the whisper and rob it of its effect.

2. Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse,
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howls, his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds to cold breath gives.
—*Shakespeare.*

For other examples see Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher," the paragraph in which he tells of his knowledge of the living burial of his sister, beginning "Not hear it?" and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," where John Ridd invades the valley of the Doones and holds a whispered conversation with Lorna, while the guards and sentinels are about him, beginning, "Oh, Lorna, don't you know me?"

The last example is especially valuable for practice, because whisper and sonorous utterance are mingled, and the reader is obliged to make sudden transitions from one to the other.

Force

One of the common errors in conversation, reading and speaking is the abuse of force. Some people talk so loudly, as a matter of habit, that they attract the attention of others than those for whom their remarks are intended; some speak in a tone so low

that their listeners find difficulty in hearing them. It is best to accustom one's self to utterance with normal force that will neither place extra work on the vocal organs of the speaker nor on the auditory organs of the person or persons addressed.

No matter what force is used, as has been explained in another part of this book, it must be employed in conjunction with some particular quality. This is because quality is inherent in the sound of the voice.

The example given in this chapter for the practice of normal quality can be used also for practice of moderate force.

The first example given for the practice of the orotund can be used also for the practice of moderate force. The second example given for the practice of the orotund can be used also for practice of energetic force.

Examples for practice of energetic force with normal quality and for the practice of subdued force with normal quality follow.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

Energetic Force : —

1. And now before the open door —
   The warrior priest had ordered so —
   The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
   Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er.
   Its long reverberating blow,
   So loud and clear, it seemed the ear

Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild incease,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
  The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!" — *T. B. Read.*

2. An hour passed on; — the Turk awoke; —
  That bright dream was his last; —
He woke — to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! The Greek! The Greek!"
He woke — to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
  And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band; —
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
  God, and your native land!" — *Halleck.*

3. The combat deepens! On, ye brave,
Who rush to Glory, or the Grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
  And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! — *Campbell.*

4. They strike! Hurrah! the fort had surrendered!
Shout, shout, my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy!
Cheer answers cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah, hurrah, for the fiery fort is ours!
  "Victory, victory, victory!" — *Wilson.*

Subdued Force: —

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
  Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
  Hung in the glistening depths of even, —
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
  Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!

They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet —
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
   Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May,
   The swallows built beneath the eaves;
   Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
   And o'er the porch the trembling vine,
   Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
   Came to this world of ours.

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
   So full of meaning, pure and bright,
   As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more.
Ah, never in our hearts before
   Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen —

The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise), —
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, dear Christ — our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white,
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel nature ripened, too.
We thought her lovely when she came
But she was holy, saintly now:
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words

Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.
It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell,
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair.
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow, —
White buds, the summer's drifted snow, —
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;

And then went dainty Babie Bell
  Out of this world of ours! — *Aldrich.*

THE TRAGEDY

"La Dame aux Camelias,"
  I think that was the play;
The house was packed from pit to dome
  With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the tragedy,
  And while the hours away.

There was the ruined spendthrift,
  And beauty in her prime;
There was the grave historian,
  And the man of rhyme,
And the surly critic, front to front,
  To see the play of crime.

And there was pompous ignorance,
  And vice in flowers and lace;
Sir Crœsus and Sir Pandarus,
  And the music played apace.
But of all the crowd I only saw
  A single, single face!

That of a girl whom I had known
  In the summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,
  Or the sweetest flowers that grow;
When her heart was light and her soul was white
  As the winter's driven snow.

And there she sat with her great brown eyes,
They wore a troubled look;
And I read the history of her life
As it were an open book;
And saw her soul, like a slimy thing
In the bottom of a brook.

There she sat in her rustling silk,
With diamonds on her wrist,
And on her brow a gleaming thread
Of pearl and amethyst.
"A cheat, a gilded grief!" I said,
And my eyes filled with mist.

I could not see the players play,
I heard the music moan;
It moaned like dismal autumn wind,
That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still,
The mournful monotone!

What if the Count were true or false,
I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
I did not see her die.
There sat a woman opposite
With piteous lip and eye.

The great green curtain fell on all,
On laugh, and wine and woe,
Just as death some day will fall

'Twixt us and life, I know.
The play was done, the bitter play,
And the people turned to go.

And did they see the tragedy?
They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
And the sick Parisian queen;
But they did not see the tragedy —
The one I saw, I mean!

They did not see that cold cut face,
That furtive look of care;
Or, seeing her jewels, only said,
"The lady's rich and fair."
But I tell you, 'twas the Play of Life,
And that woman played Despair. — *Aldrich.*

Pitch and Rate

It is not necessary to give examples for the practice of pitch and rate, because high pitch and rapid rate are generally associated with energetic force, and low pitch and slow rate with subdued force. The normal, in all properties, are, of course, always associated. For that reason the examples are sufficient for practice.

CHAPTER VIII

DIFFICULT SENTENCES

OCCASIONALLY the speaker or reader is obliged to deliver a sentence which is difficult because of faulty construction, involved or obscure thought, or faulty punctuation. Such sentences occur in the writings or speeches of even the best authors. But since they must be delivered, they present a problem with which the student has to cope. For the purpose of affording opportunity for the practice of such sentences the authors have selected a number of them from the writings and addresses of the best authorities in English and grouped them together in this chapter. No effort has been made to select specimens of excellent English — only sentences which, for one reason or another, are difficult to deliver intelligently, intelligibly and correctly.

The difficulty of delivery is magnified, in many of these sentences, by peculiarities of punctuation; in many instances by punctuation which is absolutely incorrect. In some the comma is used where a semicolon should appear; in others the semicolon takes the place of the period or the comma, or the period the place of the semicolon. These mistakes lead to the use of the bend where the partial fall should

occur, of the partial fall where the bend should occur, or of the perfect fall where the partial fall should occur.

The peculiarities and the incorrectness of punctuation compel a careful analysis of the sentence so that the reader can obtain a correct apprehension of its thought content, but when such analysis has been made the student will find little difficulty in delivering it correctly. For this reason the student should analyze each sentence before endeavoring to deliver it, and should so study it that he shall become master of its meaning.

Thorough practice of the sentences given here will so minimize the difficulties of ordinary sentences that they will present no material obstacle to the painstaking pupil.

1. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come, some had carried into foreign climates their hatred of oppression, some were pining in dungeons, and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. — *Macaulay.*

2. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. — *Addison.*

3. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age, when

the tradition was believed, and when it took its rise; he does not attempt, by any new-modeling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep, mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things; and which lives in us too, and will forever live, though silent now, or vibrating with far other notes, and to far different issues. — *Carlyle.*

4. True, we have songs enough "by persons of quality," we have tawdry, hollow, wine-bred madrigals, many a rhymed speech "in the flowing and watery vein of Ossorius the Portugal Bishop," rich in sonorous words, and, for moral dashed perhaps with some tint of a sentimental sensuality, all which many persons cease not from endeavoring to sing; though for most part, we fear, the music is from the throat outwards, or at best from some region far enough from the Soul not in which, but in a certain inane Limbo of the Fancy, or even in some vaporous debatable-land on the outskirts of the Nervous System, most of such madrigals and rhymed speeches seem to have originated. — *Carlyle.*

5. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter.— *Scott.*

6. When we have once known Rome and left her where she lies, like a long-decaying corpse, retaining a trace of the noble shape it was, but with accumulated dust and fungus growth overspreading all its more admirable features, — left her in utter weariness, no doubt, of her narrow, crooked, intricate streets, so uncomfortably paved with little squares of lava that to tread over them is a penitential pilgrimage, so indescribably ugly, moreover, so cold, so alley-like, into which the sun never falls, and where a chill wind forces its deadly breath into our lungs, — left her, tired of the sight of those immense seven-storied, yellow-washed hovels, or call them palaces, where all that is dreary in domestic life seems magnified and multiplied, and weary of climbing those staircases, which ascend from a ground floor of cook-shops, cobblers' stalls, stables, and regiments of cavalry, to a middle region of princes, cardinals, and ambassadors and an upper tier of artists, just beneath the unattainable sky, — left her worn out with shivering at the cheerless and smoky fireside by day, and feasting with our own substance the ravenous little populace of a Roman bed at night, — left her, sick at heart of Italian trickery, which has uprooted whatever faith in man's integrity had endured till now, and sick at stomach of sour bread, sour wine, rancid butter, and bad cookery needlessly bestowed upon evil meats, — left her, disgusted with the pretense of holiness and the reality of nastiness, each equally omnipresent, — left her, half lifeless from the languid atmosphere,

the vital principle of which has been used up long ago, or corrupted by myriads of slaughters, — left her, crushed down in spirit with the desolation of her ruin, and the hopelessness of her future, — left her, in short, hating her with all our might, and adding our individual curse to the infinite anathema which her old crimes unmistakably brought down, — when we have left Rome in such mood as this, we are astonished by the discovery, by and by, that our heart-strings have mysteriously attached themselves to the Eternal City, and are drawing us thitherward again, as if it were more familiar, more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born.

— *Hawthorne.*

7. When the house was out of sight, I sat, with the bird-cage in the straw at my feet, forward on the low seat, to look out of the low window; watching the frosty trees that were like beautiful pieces of spar; and the fields all smooth and white with last night's snow; and the sun, so red, but yielding so little heart; and the ice, dark like metal, where the skaters and sliders had brushed the snow away.

— *Dickens.*

8. Dear, dear, to think how much time we passed alone together afterward, and how often I repeated to the doll the story of my birthday, and confided to her that I would try, as hard as ever I could, to repair the fault I had been born with (of which I confessedly felt guilty and yet innocent), and arrive as I grew up to be industrious, contented, and kind-

hearted, and to do some good to some one, and win some love to myself if I could. — *Dickens.*

9. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove. —*Irving.*

10. But thine are fancies hatch'd
In silken folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste,
Becomes a cloud. — *Tennyson.*

11. This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the

Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons. — *Scott.*

12. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, — some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man, — some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise, — some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament, — and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their scarfs, and endeavoring to extricate themselves from the tumult. — *Scott.*

13. So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians who formerly inhabited this valley had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. — *Hawthorne.*

14. Let our poets look to this: is their feeling really finer, truer, and their vision deeper than that of other men, — they have nothing to fear, even from the humblest subject; is it not so, — they have nothing to hope, but an ephemeral favor, even from the highest. — *Carlyle.*

15. Has life no meanings for him which another cannot equally decipher; then he is no poet, and Delphi itself will not make him one. — *Carlyle.*

16. He has not gone back, much less carried us back, into that dark, earnest, wondering age, when the tradition was believed, and when it took rise; he does not attempt, by any remodeling of his supernatural ware, to strike anew that deep, mysterious chord of human nature, which once responded to such things; and which lives in us, too, and will forever live, though silent now, or vibrating far other notes, and to far different issues. — *Carlyle.*

17. Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story through the long tracts of future time; let every parent tell the shameful story to his listening children, until tears of pity glisten in their eyes and boiling passions shake their tender frames; and whilst the anniversary of that ill-fated night is kept a jubilee in the grim court of pandemonium, let all America join in one common prayer to heaven, that

the inhuman, unprovoked murders on the fifth of March, 1770, planned by Hillsborough and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston, and executed by the cruel hand of Preston and his sanguinary coadjutors, may ever stand in history without a parallel. — *Hancock.*

18. My colleague in poetic emperorhood,
I deem it best that we discourse in rhyme;
In the set sonnet of the olden time;
Miltonic sonnet; for 'tis well and good,
That we, who might surpass him if we would
(Our predecessors o'er him used to climb),
Should let our strains his modest voice o'er-
chime;
Though we ourselves are still misunderstood,
Excepting by ourselves and by each other,
And people will not read the things we write,
Unless we ask them to — a precious bother! —
Yet we in criticism can vent some spite,
And rivals' praise with our venom smother.
So ope these efforts to our suffering sight.
— *Carleton.*

19. Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one great Man
Restore us, and again the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire

That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

—*Milton.*

20. "To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred pesos down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath,—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

—*Bret Harte.*

21. From them let us, my friends, take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffus-

ing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. — *Hancock.*

22. Then resuming his task, he went on — "I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd, unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present Le Noir Faineant, and the stout yeoman, Robert Locksley, called Cleave-the-Wand, to you Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit, that whereas you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn damsel, the Lady Rowena of Hargottstandstede; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also, upon the persons of certain freeborn men, their cnichts; also upon certain serfs, their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules; which noble persons, with their cnichts and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess beforesaid, were all in peace with his Majesty, and traveling as liege subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and

demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Hargottstandstede, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, with their servants, cnichts, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods." — *Scott.*

23. His eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, devout, austere, and capable, the hope of good men and the terror of intriguers, had taken the rank of dauphin, and was seriously commencing his apprenticeship in government, when he was carried off on the 18th of February, 1712, by spotted fever, six days after his wife, the charming Mary Adelaide of Savoy, the idol of the whole court, supremely beloved by the king, and by Madame de Maintenon, who had brought her up; their son, the Duke of Brittany, four years old, died on the 8th of March; a child in the cradle, weakly and ill, the little Duke of Anjou, remained the only shoot of the elder branch of the Bourbons. — *Guizot.*

24. Before following him however from the shades of Kilroot and the elegant seclusion of Moor-park, into that active world where his genius shone with unrivaled splendor, it becomes (so soon again) the writer's painful duty to set at rest another of those absurd and calumnious falsehoods, invented doubtless

long after the period to which it is referred, by some of his humbled and perhaps titled adversaries, writhing under the infliction of some of his keen satiric truths, and, unable to meet him in the field of manly argument, trying to arrest his fierce pursuit, like certain animals whose last chance of escape lies in exciting extreme disgust and nausea in their conquerors; and it is a curious fact that, with regard to Steel's baseness and ingratitude, Swift actually declared that by his shameless and impudent proceedings he had quite put it out of his (Swift's) power to do him any injury. — *Thomas Roscoe.*

25. For while every other affection finds and rests in its appropriate object, which fully satisfies and fills it, the desire of unlimited improvement and of endless life — the strongest and best-defined of any of the desires — this alone is answered by no corresponding object; which is not different from what it would be, if the gods should create a race like ours, having the same craving and necessity for food and drink, yet never provide for them the one nor the other, but leave them all to die of hunger. — *William Ware.*

26. Yet if it be true, that the sentiment of compassion is imperceptibly weakened by the sight and practice of domestic cruelty, we may observe, that the horrid objects which are disguised by the arts of European refinement, are exhibited in their naked and most disgusting simplicity in the tent of a Tartarian shepherd. — *Gibbons.*

27. Both were alike impatient to engage; but the Barbarians, after a slight resistance, fled in disorder; unable to resist, or desirous to weary, the strength of the heavy legions, who, fainting with heat and thirst, pursued them across the plain, and cut in pieces a line of cavalry, clothed in complete armor, which had been posted before the gates of the camp to protect their retreat. — *Gibbons.*

28. The same high power of reason, intent in every one to explore and display some truth; some truth of judicial, or historical, or biographical fact; some truth of law, deduced by construction, perhaps, or by illation; some truth of policy, for want whereof a nation, generations, may be the worse; — reason seeking and unfolding truth; the same tone, in all, of deep earnestness, expressive of strong desire that that which he felt to be important should be accepted as true, and spring up to action; the same transparent, plain, forcible, and direct speech, conveying his exact thought to the mind, — not something less or more; the sovereignty of form, of brow, and eye, and tone, and manner, — everywhere the intellectual king of men standing before you; that same marvelousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the order of ideas, in felicities indescribable; by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended, truth seemed more true, probability more plausible, greatness more grand, goodness more awful, every affec-

tion more tender than when coming from other tongues; — these are, in all, his eloquence.

— *Rufus Choate.*

29. But whilst they acknowledged the general advantages of religion, they were convinced that the various modes of worship contributed alike to the same salutary purposes; and that, in every country, the form of superstition, which has received the sanction of time and experience, was the best adapted to the climate, and to its inhabitants. — *Gibbons.*

30. In the center of a broad valley, which, full of Eden perfumes and rhythms, is set round with mountains, up whose sides wander herbage and blossoms; succeeded by shaggy cedars, creeping to the edge of the snow; until finally the eye rests on the clouds, who, eagerly watching, are fast anchored on the summits. — *F. D. Seward.*

31. From that chair the Pope now rose, as the reading of the Gospel ended, advanced to where Charles — who had exchanged his simple Franklin dress for sandals and the chlamys of a Roman patrician — knelt in prayer by the high altar, and as in the sight of all he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Cæsars, then bent in obeisance before him, the church rang to the shout of the multitude, again free, again the lords and center of the world, "Karolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico imperatori vita et victoria."

— *Bryce.*

32. It is worthy of observation that all the lands and possessions and revenues of England had a little before this period been rated at four millions a year; so that the revenue of the monks, even comprehending the lesser monasteries, did not exceed the twentieth part of the national income: a sum vastly inferior to what is commonly apprehended. — *Hume.*

33. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the contest was completed; — thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? — *Carlyle.*

34. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementoes of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the gods, when lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor reveled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure!

— *Carlyle.*

35. Professor Teufelsdrockh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life: a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed; yet more likely, if he published

at all, to publish a refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. — *Carlyle.*

36. The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. — *Carlyle.*

37. But what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the place has to ourselves been the arena of joyful or mournful experiences; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our Buried ones there slumber! — *Carlyle.*

38. What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees and with chattering teeth confessed the truth and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow! — *Dickens.*

39. Here, too, would they tell old legends of what the Thames was in ancient times, when the Patent

Shot Manufactory wasn't built, and Waterloo-bridge had never been thought of; and then they would shake their heads with portentous looks, to the deep edification of the rising generation of heavers, who crowded around them, and wondered where all this would end; whereat the tailor would take his pipe solemnly from his mouth, and say, how that he hoped it might end well, but he very much doubted whether it would or not, and couldn't rightly tell what to make of it — a mysterious expression of opinion, delivered with a semi-prophetic air, which never failed to elicit the fullest concurrence of the assembled company; and so they would go on drinking and wondering till ten o'clock came, and with it the tailor's wife to fetch him home, when the little party broke up, to meet again in the same room, and say and do precisely the same things on the following evening at the same hour. — *Dickens.*

40. There is no need of giving a special report of the conversation which now took place between Mr. Sedley and the young lady; for the conversation, as may be judged from the foregoing specimen, was not specially witty or eloquent; it seldom is in private societies, or anywhere except in very high-flown and ingenious novels. — *Thackeray.*

41. He did not lie awake all night thinking whether or not he was in love with Miss Sharp; the passion of love never interfered with the appetite or the slumber of Mr. Joseph Sedley; but he thought to

himself how delightful it would be to hear such songs as those after Cutcherry — what a distinguished girl she was — how she could speak French better than the Governor-General's lady herself — and what a sensation she would make at the Calcutta balls.

— *Thackeray.*

42. His parent was a Grocer in the City; and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles" — that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there — almost at the bottom of the school — in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting — as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. — *Thackeray.*

CHAPTER IX

RECITATIONS AND DECLAMATIONS

THE DEFIANCE OF ANTONIUS

Adapted from "A Friend of Cæsar." By William Stearns Davis.
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THEN, of a sudden, like the interval between the recession of one wave and the advance of a second billow, came a moment of silence; and into that silence Antonius broke, with a voice so strong, so piercing, so resonant, that the most envenomed oligarch checked his clamor to give ear.

"Hearken, ye Senators of the Republic; ye false patres; ye fathers of the people who are no fathers! So far have we waited; we wait no more! So much have we seen; we'll see no further! So much have we endured — reproaches, repulses, deceits, insults, outrage! Yes, for I see it in the Consul's eye — next do we suffer violence itself! But that we will not tamely suffer. Ay! drive us from our seats, as Marcus Cato bids you! Ay, strike our names from the Senate list, as Domitius will propose! Ay, hound your lictors, Sir Consul, after us, to lay their rods across our backs! Ay! enforce your decree proclaiming martial law! So have you acted before to give legal fiction to your tyranny!

"But tell me this, Senators, Prætorii, Consulars, and Consuls — where will this mad violence end? Tiberius Gracchus you have murdered. Marcus Drusus you have murdered. Ten thousand good men has your creature Sull murdered. And now will ye add one more deed of blood to those gone before? Will ye strike down an inviolate Tribune, in Rome, in the very shadow of the Curia? Ah! days of the Decemvirs, when an evil Ten ruled over the state — would that those days might return! Not ten tyrants, but a thousand oppress us now! Then despotism wore no cloak of patriotism or legal right, but walked unmasked in all its blackness!

"Hearken, ye Senators, and in the evil days to come remember all I say. Out of the seed ye sow this hour come wars — civil wars; Roman against Roman, kinsman against kinsman, brother against brother. There comes impiety, violence, cruelty, bloodshed, anarchy. There comes the destruction of the old; there comes the birth, amid pain and anguish, of the new. Ye who grasp at money, at power, at high office; who trample on truth and right to serve your selfish ends — false, degenerate Romans! One thing can wipe away your crimes —"

"What?" shouted Cato across the Senate-House; while Pompeius, who was shifting uneasily in his seat, turned very red.

"Blood!" cried back Antonius, carried away by the frenzy of his own invective. Then, shooting a lightning glance over the awestruck Senate, he

spoke as though gifted with some terrible prophetic omniscience: —

"Pompeius Magnus, the day of your prosperity is past — prepare ignominiously to die! Lentulus Crus, you, too, shall pay the forfeit of your crimes! Metellus Scipio, Marcus Cato, Lucius Domitius, within five years you shall all be dead — dead, and with infamy upon your names. Your blood, your blood, shall wipe away your folly and your lust for power. Ye stay; we go. Ye stay to pass once more unvetoed the decree declaring Cæsar and his friends enemies of the Republic; we go — go to endure our outlaw state. But we go to appeal from the unjust scales of your false justice to the juster sword of an impartial Mars; and may the Furies that haunt the lives of tyrants and shedders of innocent blood attend you — attend your persons so long as ye are doomed to live; and your memory so long as men shall have power to heap reproach upon your names!"

DEATH OF KING HAROLD

Adapted from "Harold." By Bulwer Lytton.

Now the whole of William's mighty host, covering the field of Hastings till its lines seemed to blend with the gray horizon, came on, serried, steadied, orderly, to all sides of the English intrenchment, where Harold stood with the last of his outnumbered army. The King himself, as the Normans reached

the fortifications, sprang to the breastworks to meet the stormers. A sudden sweep of his great ax and down dropped a helm that had appeared before them. But helm after helm succeeds. The Normans come on; as wolves on a traveler; as bears round a bark. Countless, amid the carnage, on they come! Their arrows darken the air. With deadly precision, to each arm, to each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks, whirs the shaft. Hundreds fall dead under the Saxon ax; new thousands rush on. The first breastworks are forced — trampled, hewed, crushed, cumbered with the dead. The Saxons, yielding inch by inch, are crushed back into the second inclosure.

"Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill; the Norman chargers snort and leap and charge into the circle.

"On, Normans! Earldom and land!" cries the Duke.

"On, Sons of the Church! Salvation and Heaven!" shouts the voice of Odo.

The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar: the second inclosure gives way. And now, in the center of the third — lo! before the eyes of the Normans towers proudly aloft and shines in the rays of the westering sun, broidered with gold and blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's King! And there are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never known defeat; unwearied they by the battle; vigor-

ous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker and stronger and higher — barricades at which even William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

The Norman arrows flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breastworks and barricades and so failed of the slaughter they should inflict. He took a bow from an archer and, as he sat on his steed, sent an arrow high into the air so that it fell in the heart of the reserve and within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," he said.

In a few moments, down came the iron rain. It took the English by surprise, piercing hide cap and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them look up — death came. They must use their shields to guard their heads, while their axes were useless; or while they smote with the ax they died by the shaft. Yet, despite all, the English bear up. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastworks is slain on the instant and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks nearer and nearer toward the red horizon.

"Courage!" cries the voice of Harold, "Hold but till nightfall and ye are saved! Courage and freedom!"

"Harold and Holy Crosse!" is the answer.

Foiled, William resolved to hazard his fatal stratagem. He marked that quarter where the palisade

was weakest and thither advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored in his favorite ruse, and accompanied by a band of archers. The column, after a short, close, and terrible conflict, made a wide breach in the breastworks; but the defenders pour through it, and line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The Norman column falls back down the slope — they give way — they turn in disorder — they retreat — they fly; but the archers stand firm, midway down the descent — those archers seem an easy prey to the English — the temptation is irresistible. Harassed and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen and, sweeping down to exterminate the archers, leave the breach gaping wide.

"Forward!" cries William, as he gallops toward the breach.

"Forward!" cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air! Forward! it is the Dead that wheel our war steeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights; but Harold is already in the breach, rallying round him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him are the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil; at his breast their spears; — Haco holds over his breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his ax, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered by the King's stroke; cloven to the skull rolls the

steed of Bruse; knight and steed roll on the bloody sward. But a blow from the sword of De Lacy breaks down the guardian shield of Haco. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head!" cries Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the ax from his hand? As he raises his head, down comes the hissing shaft. It smites the lifted face; it crushes into the dauntless eyeball. He reels, he staggers back to the foot of his standard, and falls. With desperate hand he breaks the head of the shaft and leaves the barb quivering in the anguish.

"Fight on!" gasps the King. "Conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! Woe! Woe!"

Rallying himself, Harold springs to his feet, clenches his right hand, and then falls once more — a corpse.

GAVROCHE

Adapted from "Les Misérables." By Victor Hugo.

For two days the great barrier of the Fauberg St. Antoine, three stories high, the largest the world has ever seen, had held out against the troops; but at last the ammunition of the rabble who defended it was exhausted.

"A quarter of an hour more," said a leader, "and there will not be ten cartridges in the barricade."

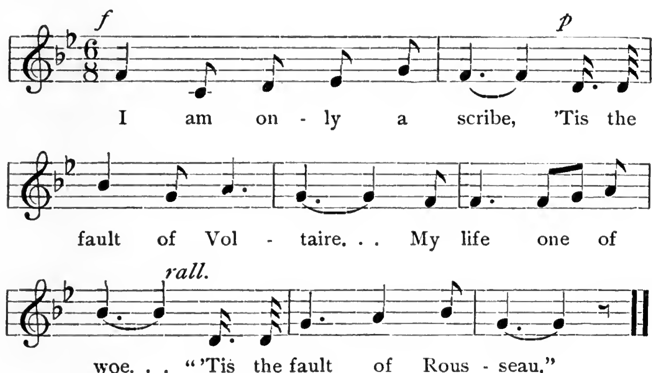
It would seem that Gavroche heard this remark. Gavroche, the *gamin*, the child of the gutter, the unnamed and unfathered offspring of the rabble, had been fighting with his compatriots, carrying their messages, performing services for all. Nobody could cross the street without the sound of a whistling ball, the smack as it found a billet; and the defenders of the barricade had one more wounded or one more dead. The hope that was in the air vanished; it was like heat-lightning, and the insurgents felt that pall fall upon them which the indifference of the people casts over the willful when abandoned.

Suddenly somebody was perceived at the foot of the barricade, outside in the deserted street, under the balls. Gavroche had taken a basket, had gone out, and was quietly emptying the cartridge-boxes of the national guards who had been killed and had fallen inside the barricade. Under the veil of the smoke caused by the firing, and because of his small size, he advanced without being seen by the soldiers. He twisted, writhed, glided, wormed his way from one body to another and emptied a cartridge-box as a monkey opens a nut. But he reached a point where the fog from the firing was less dense, and suddenly the soldiers saw something moving in the smoke.

Just as Gavroche was relieving a sergeant of his cartridges a ball struck the body.

"The deuce!" said the *gamin*, "they are killing my dead for me."

A second ball splintered the pavement beside him; a third upset his basket. Gavroche rose straight on his feet, his hair in the wind, his hands on his hips, his eyes on the national guards, who were firing, and sang:—



Then he picked up his basket, put into it the cartridges which had fallen out, without losing one, and, advancing toward the fusillade, began to empty another cartridge-box. A fourth ball just missed him, and the *gamin* sang again:—

f

fault of Vol - taire; And beasts at Pal - ai -

p rall.

seau. "'Tis the fault of Rous - seau."

This continued for some time, and the sight was appalling and fascinating. Gavroche, fired at, mocked the firing. It was the sparrow pecking at the hunters. The *gamin* answered each shot with a couplet, and the soldiers laughed as they aimed at him and missed. The insurgents, breathless with anxiety, followed him with their eyes as he lay down, rose up, hid in a doorway, sprang out, disappeared, appeared, escaped, returned, retorted upon volleys with a wry face and filled his basket with pillaged cartridges. They were trembling; he was singing. It was not a child; it was not a man; it was a strange, fairy *gamin*, playing a terrible game of hide-and-seek with death; and every time the face of the specter approached the *gamin* snapped his fingers at its eyes.

But one bullet finally reached the will-o'-the-wisp child. He tottered and fell; but only to rise again. For a *gamin* to touch the pavement is for a giant to touch the earth. A long stream of blood rolled down his face. He raised both arms in the air, looked in the direction whence the shot came, and began to sing: —

He did not finish. A second ball cut him short. This time he fell with his face upon the pavement and did not stir again. That great little soul had taken flight.

THE ATTACK ON THE FORT

Adapted from "The Crossing." By Winston Churchill.
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As the day wore on to afternoon a blue haze, harbinger of autumn, settled over fort and forest. Bees hummed in the air as they searched hither and thither among the flowers, or shot, straight as a bullet, for a distant hive. But presently a rifle cracked and the workers raised their heads.

The boy Davie leaped upon a stump and scanned the line of sentries between the fields of the workers and the woods. He saw them looking from one to another questioningly, some shouting words he could not hear. Then he saw some of them running; and next, as he stood wondering, there came another, and then a volley like the noise of a great fire licking into dry wood, and things which were not bees began to hum about him. A distant man in a yellow hunting-shirt stumbled and was drowned in the tangled under-

growth as though in water. Around him men dropped plow handles and women baskets, and as he and the others ran, their legs grew numb and their bodies cold at a sound which had haunted them in dreams by night — the war whoop! The deep and guttural song of it rose and fell with a horrid fearfulness, and the terror it inspired made the walls of the fort seem to recede as they rushed for the gates. An agonized voice sounded in Davie's ears and he halted, ashamed. It was Polly Ann's.

"Davie!" she cried. "Davie, have ye seen Tom?"

Two men dashed by. Davie seized one by the fringe of his hunting-shirt and was flung from his feet. The other leaped him where he lay. "Run, ye fools!" he shouted; but they stood still, Davie and Polly Ann, with yearning eyes staring back through the frantic, flying forms for a sight of the boy's friend and the woman's husband.

"I'll go back!" cried Davie. "I'll go back for him. Do you run to the fort!" For suddenly Davie seemed to forget his fear; nor did even the hideous notes of the scalp-halloo disturb him.

Before Polly Ann could catch him the boy had turned and started toward the sound of the savages' rifles. But he stumbled, as he thought, on a stump, and fell headlong among the nettles, with a stinging pain in his leg. Staggering to his feet, he tried to run on, fell again and, putting his hand to his leg, drew it back smeared with blood. A man came by,

paused for an instant while his eye caught the boy, and then ran on again.

In the few seconds that Davie lay he suffered in anticipation all the pangs of capture and torture; that cry of savage men, an hundred times more frightful than any cry of savage beast, sounded in his ears; and now plainly nearer by half the distance. Nearer — and nearer yet — and then he heard his name called. He was lifted from the ground and found himself in the arms of Polly Ann.

"Set me down!" he cried. "Set me down!" and added some of the curses he had heard from the men in the fort. But she clutched him tightly (God bless the memory of those frontier women!) and flew like a deer toward the gates. Over her shoulder the boy glanced back. A spare three hundred yards away in a ragged line a hundred red devils were bounding after them with feathers flying, their mouths open as they yelled. Again he cried to the woman to set him down; but though her heart beat faster, and her breath was coming shorter, she held him the tighter.

Second by second the savages gained on them relentlessly. Were they near the fort? Hoarse shouts answered the question, but they seemed distant — so distant. The savages were gaining and Polly Ann's breath came quicker still. She staggered, but the brave soul had no thought of faltering. Davie had a sight of a man on a plow horse with harness dangling, coming up from somewhere, of the

man leaping off, of him and the woman being pitched upon the animal's bony back, and of clinging there at a gallop, the man running at the side. Shots whistled over their heads — and here was the brown fort! Its big gates swung together as they dashed through the narrowed opening. Then, as he lifted them off, they knew that the man who had saved them was Tom himself.

A PLEA FOR CUBA

Extract from speech by John M. Thurston.

I am here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban question. I trust no one has expected anything sensational from me. God forbid that the bitterness of a personal loss should induce me to color in the slightest degree the statement I feel it my duty to make. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now.

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never before saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Ma-

tanzas. I can never forget, to my dying day, the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled in their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. Men, women and children stand silent, famishing with hunger. Their only appeal comes from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

The Government of Spain has not appropriated, and will not appropriate, one dollar to save this people. They are now being attended and nursed and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved; and yet there are those who say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep our hands off! I say the time has come when muskets ought to go with the food!

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me! I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever — and this is almost the twentieth century! Spain has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations combined.

The time for action has come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only our power can intervene — the United States of America. Ours is

the one great nation of the New World; the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere. It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the Universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be?

Intervention means force; force means war; war means blood. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice and oppression has ever been carried except by force? Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands on the iron gateway of the Bastile and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiations, which means delay; but for me, I am ready to act now! and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country and my God.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

By Thomas Hood.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully;
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, or a nearer one
Yet, than all others?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river,
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd, Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plung'd boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;

Over the brink of it,
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it — drink of it
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity,

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumily,
Bold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest;
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior.

TWO RED ROSES AND AN ORANGE

Adapted from a Story in the St. Louis Post-Despatch.

Not all the sympathy is crowded out of human nature by life in a large community; and a great cityful of people is a great cityful of heart throbs and humane pulsations.

One day a little girl, poorly clad, ran with frightened, backward glances along one of the streets of St. Louis. Suddenly she stopped, drew her hand from under her soiled apron, placed a pistol against her thin breast, and fired. Next instant she lay, screaming, on the pavement.

The crack of the pistol and the child's screams of fright and agony attracted a throng of people. A policeman summoned an ambulance and the wounded girl was taken to a hospital, where it was found that the bullet had passed clear through the spare body, perforating a lung and making a wound which the physicians said was mortal. But surgeons challenge death, always. They washed the wound inside and out, placed a plaster cast about the poor little body, and gave all the help they could to nature in its fight with the Destroyer.

Lizzie McDonald, she said she was, but who her

father was or who her mother, none seemed to know. Her home — God save the mark! — was with a woman who kept a baby-farm, and her life was one of drudgery, with no hope — indeed, with no idea — of a future. She had broken a bottle belonging to her mistress, and knew only too well what would happen when the latter found it out. There was a pistol in the house. This she seized and ran into the street, there to escape punishment by taking the road to death.

A reporter came to see Lizzie next day as she lay suffering on her cot, and as he was leaving asked her if she wanted anything.

"Yes," she answered. "I want two red roses and an orange. Do you think, Mister, they would give me an orange? I never owned a flower and I never had a whole orange in my life."

Two red roses and an orange! All that was necessary to bring into the fading life of an eleven-year-old girl a pleasure she had never known!

The reporter, who was familiar with Victor Hugo's writings, called the child "Little Cossette," when he wrote for his paper, and gave her story to the city. The tale of "Little Cossette" and her simple desire went to the homes of the people and reached down into many a sympathetic heart next day. Human interest was awakened, and before the shadows of another evening fell on the street where the poor child had attempted her pitiful tragedy, flowers and oranges began to pour into the hospital.

"Two red roses and an orange. Do you think they would give me an orange, Mister?"

A thousand of them, Lizzie. There was nothing doubtful about the answer. They came from every quarter of the city; they covered the tables and stands of the room where the little unfortunate lay, fighting for life just because she was an animal, and animate creatures must, even unconsciously, struggle against death; flowers festooned the curtains, the screens; they draped the cot with roses and piled all the receptacles with yellow, fragrant oranges. The little girl never knew, before this, that there were so many oranges or so many flowers in the whole wide world. And they were all for her! The gifts brought her something to think about, for she must give the most of them away to other sufferers in the hospital. Her interest in life, which had slept so long that she had forgotten its existence, was aroused; she had found that there were, indeed, people who did not hate and strike her, and she lived.

"Two red roses and an orange." Lizzie got more than that; even more than all the oceans of fruit and flowers that inundated her room. She learned something that she had never dreamed of before — that wherever humanity suffers, wherever its cry of distress reaches the ears of men and women, there, God-given and Christ-nurtured, is the sympathy that makes all akin.

THE *SERAPIS* AND THE *BON HOMME RICHARD*

Adapted from "Richard Carvel." By Winston Churchill.
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Lieutenant Dale asked the pilot what fleet it was that had just hove into sight. He answered that it was the Baltic fleet, under convoy of the *Countess of Scarborough*, twenty guns, and the *Serapis*, forty-four. While he was speaking, three more sail were reported. At seven bells the merchantmen who were being convoyed had all scuttled for safety behind Flamborough Head and the King's frigate was standing out to meet us. As I called through my trumpet: "All hands clear for action," our tatterdemalion crew cheered; but I sighed to think that they were to fight the bone and sinew of the King's navy with the *Bon Homme Richard*, a rotten ship of an age gone by.

The bo'suns sang out my command in fog horn voices, the drums beat the long roll, the fifes whistled, and the decks became suddenly alive. Breechings were loosened and gun tackles unlashed, rammer and sponge laid out and pike and cutlass and pistol placed where they would be handy when the time came to rush the enemy's decks. Powder monkeys tumbled over each other to provide cartridges, and grape, canister, and double-headed shot were hoisted from below. Tubs were filled with sand, for blood is

slippery on the boards, and the surgeons went below to make ready for the grimmest work of all.

The twilight faded and gave place to darkness, out of which finally the great frigate loomed, scarcely half a pistol shot away. Obeying an order I passed the word below to begin firing. Hardly had the words left my mouth before the deck gave a mighty leap; there was a mighty roar; and a pandemonium of shrieks, groans, and oaths rent the air. The old eighteens had burst, killing half their crews and blowing up the gun decks. There was a wild rush of the men for the hatches, but quick and fierce the Commodore roared a command which stopped them. Then our guns were run out once more, fired and served again in an agony of haste, while shot from the enemy shrieked hither and thither about us, striking everywhere. Wounded men were taken below as fast as they could be carried, and out of the charnel house below the main hatch rose one continuous cry of agony.

We might have tossed a biscuit aboard the *Serapis* as she glided ahead of us, her broadside thundering, great, ragged scantlings breaking from our bulwarks, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded redoubling in volume. Our men were fighting our guns like fiends incarnate. Suddenly our Commodore gave the command: "Stand by to board!" Pikes were seized and pistol and cutlass buckled on. But even as we waited with set teeth, our bows ground into the enemy's quarter-gallery. The *Richard's* rigging

was much shot away and she was cranky at best, so we backed and filled, passing the Englishman close aboard. Several of his shots crashed through the bulwarks in front of me, shattering a nine-pounder and killing half its crew. We had just time to send our broadside into her at six fathoms before the huge vessels came crunching together, the disordered riggings locking. In the moment of breathless pause that followed, a stern call came from the Englishman: "Have you struck, sir?" John Paul Jones's answer sounded clear, and it bred hero worship in our souls: "Sir, I have just begun to fight!"

Then came a fearful hour, when a shot had scarce to leap a cannon's length to reach its commission, and Death was sovereign. The red flashes from the guns revealed many an act of heroism. I saw a lad whip off his coat when a gunner called for a wad. Seven times was that battle lost, and seven times regained by that indomitable man into whose mind the thought of defeat could not enter. His spirit held us to our task, for flesh and blood might not have endured it alone. Our battery of twelves was fighting the Englishman muzzle to muzzle, our rammers leaning into the *Serapis* to send their shot home.

Aloft I saw a man clamber from our main yard into the top of the Englishman, whence he threw a hand grenade down her main hatch. An instant later an explosion came like a clap of thunder in our faces, a great quadrant of light flashed as high as the *Serapis's* trucks, and through a breach in her bul-

warks I saw men running with only the collars of their shirts on their bodies. Then, all at once, the towering mainmast of the enemy cracked and tottered and swung this way and that on its loosened shrouds. In the midst of an intense silence which followed, some one shouted from aloft: —

"The captain is hauling down, sir!"

The sound that broke from our men at this word could scarcely be called a cheer. What they felt as they sank exhausted on the blood of their comrades may not have been elation. Calling some of my boarders, I scaled the bulwarks and leaped fairly into the middle of the gangway of the *Serapis.*

A naked seaman came charging me with raised pike. I was already wounded and weak, and as he ran at me I fell senseless.

THE MURDER OF HYPATIA

Adapted from "Hypatia." By Charles Kingsley.

At last a curricle, glittering with silver, rattled round the corner and stopped opposite where Philemon hid. The crowd had vanished. Perhaps it was, after all, a fancy of his own. No; there they were, peeping round the corner, close to the lecture room — the hell-hounds! A slave brought out a velvet cushion, and then Hypatia came forth, looking more glorious than ever, her lips set in a sad, firm smile; her eyes uplifted, inquiring, eager, and yet gentle, dimmed by some great inward awe, as if

her soul was far away aloft and face to face with God.

Hypatia entered her carriage and the plumes of her horses were waving far down the street before Philemon recovered himself and rushed after her. It was too late! A dark wave of men rushed from the ambuscade, surged up around the car — swept forward — she had disappeared! and as Philemon followed breathlessly the horses galloped past him, madly, homeward with the empty carriage.

Whither were they dragging her? To the Cæsareum, the Church of God Himself! She was upon the church steps before he caught them up, invisible among the crowd; but he could track her by the fragments of her dress. On, into the church itself! Into the cool, dim shadows, with its fretted pillars and lowering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures looking from the walls athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing — or a curse?

On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement — up the chancel steps themselves — up to the altar — right underneath the great, still Christ: and there even those hell-hounds paused.

Hypatia shook herself free from her tormentors and, springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass

around — shame and indignation in those wide, clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks about her; the other long, white arm was stretched upward toward the great, still Christ, appealing — and who shall dare to say in vain? — from man to God! Her lips were opened to speak; but the words which should have come from them reached God's ear alone, for in an instant Peter had struck her down, the dark mass closed over her again — and then wail on wail, long, wild ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs and, thrilled like the trumpet of avenging angels through Philemon's ears.

And still the shrieks rang on, and still the great Christ looked down with that calm, intolerable eye and would not turn away; and over His head was written in the rainbow: "I am the same, yesterday, to-day and forever!"

It was over! The shrieks died away into moans; the moans to silence.

THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER

Lippard.

It is the Fourth of July, 1776. In the old State House in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of British despotism. There is silence in the hall — every face is turned toward the door, where the com-

mittee of three, who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens, the committee appear. The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there.

Shall it be signed, or not? A fierce debate ensues. But still there is doubt, and one pale-faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds and a gibbet.

"Gibbet!" echoes a fierce, bold voice through the hall. "Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold, every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words on that parchment there can never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the ax a new champion of liberty will spring into birth. The British king may blot out the stars of God from the skies, but he cannot blot out His word written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish; His words, never!

"The words of this declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slaves in the mines, freedom; but to the coward kings these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear.

"Sign that parchment! Sign, if the next minute this hall rings with the clash of the falling axes! Sign, by all your hopes in life or death as men, as husbands, as fathers, brothers; sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever! Sign, and

not only for yourselves, but for all ages; for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom — the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people — a handful of men weak in arms, but mighty in Godlike faith. Nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me if you can that God has not given America to be free!

"As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His purpose! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking with the last struggle, I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth — God has given America to be free! Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg you to sign that parchment for the sake of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words: 'You are free!'"

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat; but the work was done. A wild murmur runs through the hall. "Sign!" There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another, another and

another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman! And now the parchment is signed.

Now, old man in the steeple; now bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of the bell! Is there not a poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than that of Shakespeare and Milton? Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those sublime notes which broke from angel lips when the news of the Child Jesus burst on the hill-tops of Bethlehem? For the notes of that bell now come pealing, pealing, pealing, "Independence now, and Independence forever."

THE END OF CARVER DOONE

Adapted from "Lorna Doone." By R. D. Blackmore.

As the last words of the ceremony were spoken and the bride and bridegroom rose from their knees, a shot rang out through the church, and Lorna, her eyes filled with death and the blood flowing down her bodice, fell fainting into the arms of her newly-made husband. John Ridd, his brain shocked into a whirling calmness, held her so for a moment, looking into her white face; and then, without a word, he laid her in his mother's arms and, begging that no one should make any noise, went forth for his revenge.

Of course he knew who had done it. There was but one man in the world who could have done such a thing. He leaped upon his best horse and turned its head toward the course pointed out to him. Who showed him the course he could never afterwards tell; he knew only that he took it. The men fell back before this giant of Exmoor, this man whose fearful strength of body and limb had never been shown to its limit, and watched him as, unarmed, he went forth to find out whether in this world there was or was not a God of Justice.

With his vicious horse at a furious speed he came upon Black Barrow Down, directed by some shout of men which seemed to him but a whisper; and there, about a furlong before him, rode a man on a great black horse — and he knew that the man was Carver Doone.

"Your life or mine," he said to himself, "as the will of God may be. But we two live not upon this earth one hour more together."

John knew the strength of this great man; and he knew also that he was armed with a gun — if he had had time to load again after shooting Lorna — or, at any rate, with pistols, and with a horseman's sword as well; nevertheless, he had no more doubt of killing him than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

Carver, his horse at full speed, turned into the gully which leads to Cloven Rocks. As he entered it he looked back and saw John Ridd not more than

a hundred yards behind. John's horse was fresh, but Carver's big black was tiring, and the pursuer knew that he could catch up with his quarry on the steep ascent. Carver realized this, too, so he turned sharply into the black gully leading to the Wizard's Slough. John followed his enemy then carefully, steadily, even leisurely, for he knew he had him in a trap whence he could not escape. Carver thought John's slowness was due to fear, and flung back a disdainful laugh.

A knarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as his own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above. Rising from his horse's back, John caught a limb and tore it from its socket as though it were a mere wheat awn. Men show the rent even now with wonder; none with more wonder than John himself.

Carver Doone turned the corner suddenly on the black and bottomless bog. With a start of fear he reined back and seemed about to turn on his pursuer, but instead rode on again, hoping to find a way round the side. Now, there is a way between cliff and slough for those who know the ground thoroughly, but the place was strange to Carver. Wheeling suddenly, he fired and rode at John. The bullet struck John somewhere, but he took no heed of that. Fearing only Carver's escape, he laid his horse across the way and, with the limb of oak, struck full on the forehead of the charging steed. Ere the slash of Carver's sword came nigh him, man and horse rolled

over. John leaped to the ground and waited, smoothing his hair back and baring his arms as though in the wrestling ring, where he had long been champion, waiting for Carver, who had been somewhat stunned, to rise.

With a sullen and black scowl Carver gathered his mighty frame and looked for his weapons; but these John had put out of his reach. Then Carver approached John and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said with a lofty style of sneering. "I have punished you enough for most of your impertinence; for the rest I forgive you, because you were once good to my little son. Go, and be contented."

For answer John smote him on the cheek, lightly and not to hurt; just enough to make Carver's blood leap. He would not sully his tongue, he thought, by speaking with a man like that.

There was a level space of sward between them and the slough. With a courtesy learned in his single trip to London, to this place John led him, and, that Carver might breathe himself and have every fiber cool and every muscle ready, loosed his hold on his coat and left him to begin whenever he thought proper.

After a few moments John, to offer Carver first chance, as he always did to a weaker antagonist, let him have the hug of him. In this, however, he was too generous, having forgotten his pistol wound

and the recent cracking of one of his short ribs. Carver caught him about the waist with such a grip as had never before been laid upon him.

Hearing his rib crack again John grasped Carver's arm and tore the muscle out of it as a string comes out of an orange. Then he caught him by the throat. Carver tugged and strained and writhed in vain, dashed his bloody fist into John's face, and flung himself upon him with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of John's strength — for God was with him that day — Carver was held helpless in two minutes, and his fiery eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," John cried as well as he could for panting, the work being very furious. "Carver Doone, thou art beaten! Own it, and thank God for it; and go thy way and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his raving frenzy — for his beard was like a mad dog's jowl — even if he would have owned that, for the first time in his life, he had found his master, it was all too late.

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew on him like the thirsty lips of death. In their fury the fighters had heeded neither wet nor dry; nor thought of earth beneath them. John himself might scarcely leap, with the last spring of o'erlabored legs, from the engulfing grave of slime. Carver fell back, his swarthy breast, from which the struggle had rent all clothing, stand-

ing out on the quagmire like a hummock of bog oak; and then he tossed his arms to heaven; they were black to the elbow and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. John's strength was now no more than an infant's, from the fury of the battle and the horror of the sight, and he could only gaze and pant. Scarcely could he turn away while, joint by joint, Carver sank out of sight.

A WILD OLIVE WREATH

By S. Scoville, Jr.

Thronged to the gates is the little town of Elis the night before the Olympic games. Dion, the son of Glaucus, gazes with wide-open eyes out into the night, sees the glimmer of the stars through the flickering leaves and sleeps not. On the morrow he, a youth of eighteen, is to run in the Dolichos, the hardest race of the games. His father stands by him long without speaking, gazing down at his son, while the stern, unflinching eyes become soft. Then the hand that with the cestus for nine Olympiads had won the wreath from the world's mightiest, rests on his yellow curls tenderly as a woman's.

"Dion, my son," and the deep voice trembled a little, "thou knowest that our blood has ever brought glory to Croton; that the statues of thy grandfather, thy father and thy two brothers all stand in this grove among the winners of Olympiads. Now thy turn hath come. Oh, my son, my son! for the love

thy father bears thee, for the honor of city and blood, win the wreath to-morrow!" — and Glaucus is gone.

In the gray hours just before the dawn Hippomachus, his trainer, rouses the boy from an uneasy slumber, and then, with clear oil, rubs out every trace of stiffness from the lithe, polished limbs. The sun is well up before the first races are over, and Dion takes his place with the others for the great race of the day. The long, straight expanse of the stadium stretches before him. At either end are sunken slabs of white marble. Ten times must a runner touch each block to cover the full twenty courses.

A great hush has fallen on the multitude, which is broken by the voice of the herald: —

"Let him that knows of any stain on the life or blood of a competitor speak now!" it thunders. A moment of tense silence, and then: — "Let every runner place his feet on the mark!" echoes along the hillside.

Each nude figure bends forward; a clear trumpet note and they are away, a rushing mass of bodies that gleam in the sunlight. Glaucus, sitting with the multitude, has eyes for but one thing — a slim, lithe figure far in the rear of the novices, running with a smooth, effortless gait with six of the more experienced racers. At the end of the eleventh course these six begin to draw away from those who have exhausted their strength in the first half of the con-

test. At last only five stadia more — the stadia which are the supreme test of a runner's endurance.

Philoctetes, the Spartan, the winner of the last Dolichos, is in the lead. His teeth are clenched and the foam is white on his black beard. A fit embodiment is he of the grim Lacedæmonian spirit which was yet to dominate Greece. At his shoulder glare the eyes of Sisthenes, who would gladly give his life that Athens might win.

There is a great hush as the runners traverse the third course; the supreme moment of the race is drawing nigh. All in a moment Antenor, the Corinthian, who has held third place just ahead of Dion, plunges forward in the very midst of a stride and falls, the bright blood gushing from his mouth, his last Dolichos run.

"Dion! Dion! See our Dion!" roared the men of Croton; for the boy is gaining. Inch by inch the gap between him and the leaders lessens, and soon Sisthenes hears a sobbing breath at his ear and knows there is another to dispute the victory with Athens and Sparta.

"'Tis thine own son, O Glaucus!" cries Hippomachus; and, indeed, the boy's features have changed. On the white, drawn face appears the same intense look of deadly earnestness that made the fiercest boxer fear to stand before Glaucus in the old days. Fatigue, pain, danger, death itself, count for naught. The race! The race! His city's honor! are all that Dion knows. Three runners touch the white

stone and turn back for the last course almost in line.

Back and forth roll the waves of sound: "Athens! Athens! Philoctetes for Sparta!" But high over all echoes the cry: "Croton! Croton! Speed thee, O Croton!"

Unhearing, Dion runs. There is a sickening pain in his breast and a taste of blood in his mouth, but the boy's will yet upholds the overtaxed body, dead from the waist down, and the gap between him and the leaders widens not. Far, oh, so terribly far, in the distance is the white stone, the goal of all his life.

Suddenly from out of the misty cloud of faces that wavers before the boy's hot, unwinking eyes, Dion sees his father's, the stern features all convulsed; hears a voice cry brokenly, a world of anguished pleading in its tone: —

"On, Dion, on! Oh, my son, for your city!"

At the cry the boy's face comes up even with the black beard of Philoctetes — the tense countenance of the Athenian.

Neck by neck, stride for stride, the three stagger on, and the finish is but a few steps away. He who touches the stone first, if by only a hair'sbreadth, is the winner.

Then, above the deep roar of the crowd sounds a voice like a trumpet-peal — the tremendous voice of Hippomachus, wisest of men in every wile of the stadion: —

"The finish! Dion! The finish! Remember — NOW!"

Through the dimness that is clouding Dion's senses the voice pierces. Almost in the last stride of the race, with arms extended, he throws himself forward like a diver, and his hands, outstretched, are on the goal stone a fraction of a second before the feet of the others.

With the feeling of the smooth coolness of the marble comes a great darkness, and Dion knows nothing more until he finds himself in the temple of Zeus. Around him are the strong arms of his father. He hears the pealing chant: "Tenella! Tenella! Hail to the victor!" and on his forehead feels the light pressure of the hardly won olive wreath that crowns him before the world the winner of the Dolichos.

FAGIN IN THE CONDEMNED CELL

From "Oliver Twist." By Charles Dickens.

They led him to one of the condemned cells and left him there — alone. He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and, casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead — that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

As it came on very dark he began to think of all the men he had known who had died on the scaffold; some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could

hardly count them. He had seen some of them die — and had joked, too, because they had died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down! and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes.

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell — sat upon that very spot! It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years. Scores of men must have passed their last hours there! It was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies — the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms, the faces that he knew even beneath that hideous veil — Light! Light!

At length, when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and the walls, two men appeared, one bearing a candle, the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night — for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Saturday night. He had only one more night to live. And as he thought of this the day broke — Sunday. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him; and they, for their part, had made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there, awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and, with gasping mouth and burning skin, hurried to and fro in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they — used to such sights — recoiled from him with horror. He had been

wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burned him up.

Those terrible walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but, too often and too long, from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that.

In the dead of night, when the street was left in solitude and darkness, Mr. Brownlow and Oliver were admitted to the lodge.

The man on duty opened another gate and led them on, through dark and winding ways, toward the cells. He led them into the stone kitchen and pointed to a door. There was an open grating above it, through which came the sound of men's voices, mingled with the noise of hammering and the throwing down of boards. They were putting up the scaffold. They crossed an open yard, ascended a flight of narrow steps and came into a passage with a row of strong doors on the left hand. The turnkey knocked on one of these with his bunch of keys. The two attendants, after a little whispering, came out into the passage and motioned the visitors to follow the jailer into the cell.

The condemned criminal was seated on his bed,

rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a scared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without appearing conscious of their presence.

"Good boy, Charlie — well done —" he mumbled. "Oliver too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver too — quite the gentleman now — quite the -- take that boy away to bed! Do you hear me, some of you? he has been the — the — somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it — Bolter's throat, Bill; never mind the girl — Bolter's throat, as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off!"

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into the attitude of listening he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my Lord; a very old, old man!"

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow. Shrinking to the furthest corner of the seat, he demanded to know what they wanted there.

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow, advancing, "which were placed in your hands, for better security, by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one — not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death. Where are those papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here! Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver, in a low voice, as he reliuquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing him toward him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear; I want to talk with you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside. Say I've gone to sleep — they'll believe you. You can get me out if you take me so. Now then, now then!"

"Oh, God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy, with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right! That'll help us on! This door first! If I shake and tremble, as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on! Now, now, now!"

The door of the cell opened and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on! Softly, but not so slow! Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him and, disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation for an instant; and then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling and joking. Everything told of life and animation but one dark cluster of objects in the very centre of all — the black stage, the cross-beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

CHIQUITA'S LOVE STORY

Adapted from "Captain Fracasse." By Théophile Gautier.
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A compact crowd filled the Place de Grève. Clinging to the transverse piece of the tall stone cross which stood at that side of the open square nearest the river, was a forlorn little ragged boy. From this precarious position he had a full view of the scaffold and all its horrible details — the wheel upon which the criminal was to revolve, the coil of rope to bind him to it and the heavy bar to break his bones. The delicacy of the features seemed to indicate a sex different from that indicated by the dress; but nobody paid any attention to the child, since they were watching the scaffold or the direction from which the cart was to come.

The criminal who was to be executed was Agostino, a thief notorious in Paris for his daring and dexterity. In his last enterprise he had killed the master of the house he was robbing, and, not content

with that, had brutally murdered his sleeping wife. Now he was to pay the penalty of his crime.

Presently a rickety cart, surrounded by mounted guards and bearing the condemned man, approached. Agostino, holding his head proudly erect, seemed to be searching in the crowd for some one. When the cart passed slowly in front of the stone cross he caught sight of the boy and a flash of joy shone in his eyes. A slight smile parted his lips; and he made an almost imperceptible sign with his head, and said, in a low tone, "Chiquita!"

In a moment more the cart had stopped at the foot of the rude steps which led up to the scaffold. In less than a minute Agostino had been thrown down and bound firmly upon the wheel, and the executioner, having thrown off his showy scarlet cloak and rolled up his sleeves, stooped to pick up the terrible bar which lay at his feet. It was a moment of horror and excitement.

Suddenly a strange stir ran through the crowd —the child had slipped quickly down from the cross and, gliding like a serpent through the closely packed throng, reached the scaffold, cleared the steps at a bound, and appeared beside the astonished executioner, who was just in the act of raising his ponderous bar to strike. The child's countenance was wild and ghastly, but inspired and noble and lighted up by a strength of will and purpose that made it actually sublime. The grim dealer of death paused involuntarily and withheld the murderous blow he was about to deal.

"Get out of my way, thou puppet!" he roared, "or thou wilt get thy accursed head smashed!"

But Chiquita paid no attention to him; she did not care whether she, too, was killed or not. Bending over Agostino she kissed his forehead passionately, whispered, "I love thee!" — and then, swift as the lightning's flash, plunged her knife into his heart. The blow was dealt with so firm a hand and such unerring aim that death was almost instantaneous — scarcely had Agostino time to murmur, "Thanks."

A kiss and a stab — that was Chiquita's love story.

LAST STAND OF THE WHITE COMPANY

Adapted from "The White Company." By Conan Doyle.

Then uprose from the hill in the rugged Calabrian Valley a sound such as had not been heard in those parts before; nor was again until the streams which rippled between the rocks had been frozen by over four hundred winters and thawed by as many springs. Deep and full and strong it thundered down the ravine, the fierce battle-call of a warrior race, the last stern welcome to whoso should join with them in that world-old game where the stake is death. Thrice it swelled forth, and thrice it sunk away, echoing and reverberating among the crags. Then, with set faces, what was left of the White Company rose up among the storm of stones and

looked down upon the thousands who sped swiftly up the slope against them. Horse and spear had been set aside, but on foot, with sword and battle-ax, their broad shields slung in front of them, the chivalry of Spain rushed to the attack.

Then rose a struggle, so fell, so long, so evenly sustained that even now the memory of it is handed down among the Calabrian mountaineers, and the ill-omened knoll is still pointed out by fathers to their children as the "Altura de los Inglesos," where the men from across the sea fought the great fight with the knights of the south.

The last arrow was quickly shot; nor could the slingers hurl their stones, so close were friend and foe. From side to side stretched the thin line of the English, lightly armed and quick footed, while against it stormed and raged the pressing throng of fiery Spaniards and gallant Bretons.

The clink of crossing sword blades, the dull thudding of heavy blows, the panting and gasping of weary and wounded men, all rose in a wild, long-drawn note, which swelled up to the ears of the wondering peasants who looked down from the edges of the cliffs upon the swaying of the turmoil beneath them. Back and forth reeled the leopard banner, now borne up the slope by the rush and weight of the onslaught, now pushing downward again as Sir Nigel, Burley, and Black Simon, with their veteran men-at-arms, flung themselves madly into the fray. To the right Sir Oliver, Aylward, Hordle John and

the bowmen of the Company fought furiously against the monkish Knights of Santiago, who were led up the hill by their prior, a great, deep-chested man, who wore a brown monastic habit over his coat of mail. Three archers he slew in three giant strokes, but Sir Oliver flung his arms round him, and the two, staggering and straining, reeled backward and fell, locked in each other's grasp, over the edge of the steep cliff which flanked the hill. In vain his knights stormed and raved against the thin line which barred their path; the sword of Aylward and the great ax of John gleamed in the fore-front of the battle, and huge, jagged pieces of rock, hurled by the strong arms of the bowmen, crashed and hurtled amid their ranks.

Slowly the Spaniards gave back down the hill, the archers still at their skirts, a long litter of writhing and twisted figures marking the course they had taken, until they reached the plain where their fellows were already rallying for a fresh assault.

But terrible indeed was the cost at which the attack had been repelled. Of the three hundred and seventy men who had held the crest, one hundred and seventy-two were left standing, many of whom were sorely wounded and weak from loss of blood, while the pitiless hail of stones was already whizzing and piping once more about their heads, threatening every instant to further reduce their numbers. Could the handful of Englishmen still hold the hill against the enemy's army until the expected help arrived? If

not they could die, as their countrymen had died before them, fighting while brain and muscle could move together.

When Sir Hugh Calverly arrived with his two hundred men on a distant elevation, he saw the yellow and white banner with the lions and towers of the house of Castile floating over the blood-stained hill, while up the slope rushed ranks after ranks, exultant, shouting, with waving pennons and brandished arms.

They were too late to avenge, as they had been too late to save. Long ere they could gain the level ground the Spaniards, seeing them ride swiftly amid the rocks, drew off from the captured hill. Their rear ranks were already passing out of sight before the newcomers were urging their panting horses up the slope which had been the scene of that bloody fight.

THE DEFEAT OF SIR GALAHAD

Adapted from "Chandos." By Ouida.

The saddling bell rang and Sir Galahad passed, his flanks shining like satin, his knee action beautiful and his calm, reposeful glance proudly eyeing the throng that hung on his steps. Chandos looked at the favorite as a man must almost always look at a nearly certain winner of a great stake when that winner comes out of his own establishment and has been bred from the famous strains that have made the

celebrity and the success of the stable for a century. His horse was a brilliant winner, and it was next to an impossibility that anything could beat him on the Ascot course, unless, indeed, it was Lotus Lily.

The start was given; the field swept out like a fan, a confused mass, for a moment, of bright and various hues. Then from the press there launched forward, with the well-known, light, stretching stride that covered distance so marvelously, the Clarencieux favorite, shaking himself clear of all the running and leading at a canter, which, extended and easy as it was, left Lotus Lily and Queen of the Fairies behind by two lengths.

All eyes on the course and on the stands were fastened on the match between the two cracks. Scarce any one noted in the ruck one chestnut outsider, ugly, awkward, but with great depth of barrel and power of action, which, ridden by a Yorkshire jock of little-known and merely local reputation, was quietly singling out from the rest and warily waiting on the two favorites — so warily that imperceptibly, yet surely, he quickened his pace, passed Queen of the Fairies and gained upon Lotus Lily till he struggled with her, neck and neck. Half the gathering on the stands knew neither his name nor his owner, and hundreds looked at their cards, bewildered, to find out who the outsider belonged to. He was now barely a length behind the famous blue and gold of Chandos's popular colors.

Fleet as the lightning the three swept on, no other

near them. Extended now to the utmost of his splendid pace, Sir Galahad, conscious for the first time of a rival not to be disdained, and perhaps scarcely to be beaten, ran like the wind, the Diadem chestnut gaining on him at every yard, the mare behind him by hopeless lengths.

The Duke, as he watched the race that had now become a match, with the eager interest of the chief of a great house whose name had been famous on the turf since the days of Eclipse and Flying Dutchman, muttered: "The dark one wins, by Jove!"

Nearer and nearer, faster and faster, the ungainly and massive limbs of the Yorkshire horse brought him alongside the graceful and perfect shape of the Ascot favorite. And from the vast crowds on the purple heather of the Heath the shouts echoed of the Duke's words: "The outsider wins! The outsider has it!"

A moment and they ran neck and neck; the gallant crack of the Clarencieux stable, with all the mettle in him roused to fire, strove for a second manfully with this unknown and unexpected foe; then with a single forward spring, like magic, the outsider outstripped him by a head and ran in at the distance, the winner of the Ascot cup.

SIDNEY CARTON'S PROMISE

Adapted from "A Tale of Two Cities." By Charles Dickens.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, it certainly was not in the house of Dr. Manette. He had been there often, and had always been the same moody, morose lounger. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he cared for the streets that environed that house, and the very stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there; and perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind.

On a day in August, his feet, from being irresolute and purposeless, became animated with an intention and, in working out that intention, took him to the doctor's door. He was shown upstairs and found Lucie at her work, alone. He seated himself near her table.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton."

"No. But the life I lead is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such a profligate?"

"Then why not change your life?"

"It is too late for that," he answered with tears in his voice.

He leaned an elbow on her table and covered his eyes with his hands. The table trembled in the silence that followed. She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:—

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"Mr. Carton, if it would make you any happier, it would make me very glad."

He unshaded his face after a while and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me; don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you,—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and this hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery; bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me;

I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you? Can I turn this confidence to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. But I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home, made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent forever. I have had unformed ideas of striving again and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream; but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and still have the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into a fire — a fire quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away."

"Can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power of good with you?"

"The utmost good I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you the last of all the world. Will you let me believe that it will be shared by no one?"

"Mr. Carton," she said, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you; and God bless you."

He put her hand to his lips and moved toward the door.

"In the hour of my death," he said, "I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance — and shall thank and bless you for it — that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, faults, miseries, were carried gently in your heart. May it otherwise be happy."

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted," he said. "I am not worth such feeling. But within myself I shall always be, toward you, what I am now, although outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me. It is useless to say it, I know, but for you and for any one dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity for sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice

for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing.

"The time will come, will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you — ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn — the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up into yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said "Farewell!" and a last "God bless you!" and left her.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S FIND

Adapted from "The Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy.
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All night long the great bell of the lighthouse, slung to a stout beam projecting seaward beneath the outer platform, had tolled its warning through the fog. The monotonous ticking of the clock-work attachment that governed it, the sharp and livelier click of the occulting hood's machinery, were the only sounds which alternated with its deep boom. The tremendous clang sent a thrill through the giant column itself and pealed away into the murky void with a tremolo of profound diminutions.

Overhead the magnificent lantern, its eight-ringed circle of flame burning at full pressure, illumined the drifting vapor with an intensity that seemed to be born of the sturdy granite pillar of which it was the fitting diadem. Hard and strong externally as the everlasting rock on which it stood — replete within with burnished steel and polished brass, great cylinders and polished lamps — the lighthouse thrust its glowing torch beyond the reach of the most dangerous wave. Cold, dour, defiant it looked. Yet its superhuman eye sought to pierce the very heart of the fog, and the furnace-white glare, concentrated ten thousand fold by the encircling hive of the dioptric lens, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moonlike majesty.

At last a gentle breeze swept the shivering wraith landward, while the first beams of a June sun completed the destruction of the routed specter. So, once more, as on the dawn of the third day, the waters under the heavens were gathered into one place and the dry land appeared, — and behold, it was good.

A man, pacing the narrow gallery beneath the lantern, halted for a moment to flood his soul afresh with the beauty of the day. Captive to the spell of the hour, he murmured aloud : —

> Floating on waves of music and of light,
> Behold the chariot of the fairy queen !
> Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air :
> Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
> And stop obedient to the reins of light.

The watcher was about to enter the lantern when his acute gaze rested upon some object distant a mile or less and drifting slowly nearer. It was a white-painted ship's life-boat, with broken mast and sail trailing over the stern, adrift, forlorn, deserted. Its unexpected presence, wafted from ocean wilds, betokened an accident; perchance a tragedy. Perhaps he would not have noticed it except for the flashing wings of several sea birds which accompanied the craft in an aërial escort.

"Jim!" he cried.

His mate came at the call.

"What do you make out of that?"

"Ship's boat," Jim answered laconically. "Collision, I expect." He leveled a glass and began to speak again, jerkily. "Stove in forrard. Somethin' layin' in th' bows. Couple o' cormorants ȯn th' gunnel. She'll pass within two hundred yards on this tide, but we've no boat to reach her."

"Then I'll swim to her, Jim."

"That's the foolishest thing I've heard for a long time. There's somethin' dead aboard o' her; she's convoyed by sharks."

While his mate went to speak to Jones, the head keeper, Jim centered the boat in the telescopic field. In the bow he could see a shapeless mass which puzzled him. The birds were busy and excited, and that he did not like. Presently he was joined by the head keeper. Both leaned over the railing and saw their associate, stripped to his underclothing, with a belt

supporting a sheath-knife slung across his shoulders, climbing down the ladder to the sea. A light splash came to them, and a few seconds later Brand's head and shoulders swung into view in the water. With a sweeping side-stroke the swimmer made rapid progress. As he neared the boat, when it was about a boat's length away from him, he dived suddenly and the cormorants sailed aloft. A black fin darted into sight, leaving a sharply divided trail in the water.

The men peered at the sudden tragedy with an intensity which left them gasping for breath. The rapidly moving black signal reached the small eddy caused by the man's disappearance. Instantly a great, sinuous, shining body rose half out of the water, and a powerful tail struck the side of the boat a resounding whack. For an instant they saw the dark hair and the face of the man above the surface. The shark whirled about and rushed. Brand sank, and again the giant man-eater writhed in agonized contortions. Then their mate's head reappeared, while the ugly monster writhed in frantic convulsions. The second stab of the knife had reached a vital part. The shark, churning the sea into a white foam, whirled away in frantic pursuit of the death that was rending him. The man, unharmed, clambered into the boat.

While stepping over the rail he stopped as though something had stung him. Then he passed rapidly forward, caught a limp body by the belt which every sailor wears, and, with a mighty effort, slung it into

the sea, where it sank instantly. Then he returned to the sail which had fallen across the stem of the boat, and peered beneath. Whatever he saw, Brand apparently resolved to leave it alone for a moment. He shipped the oars, and drove the boat rapidly to the lighthouse.

His swift hail made his mates lower a basket on the swinging crane, and into it Brand, without a word, deposited his find — a baby; thin, emaciated and half dead, but saved from the sea, lone survivor of some tragedy which its feeble brain could not comprehend, the history of which its wordless tongue could never tell.

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